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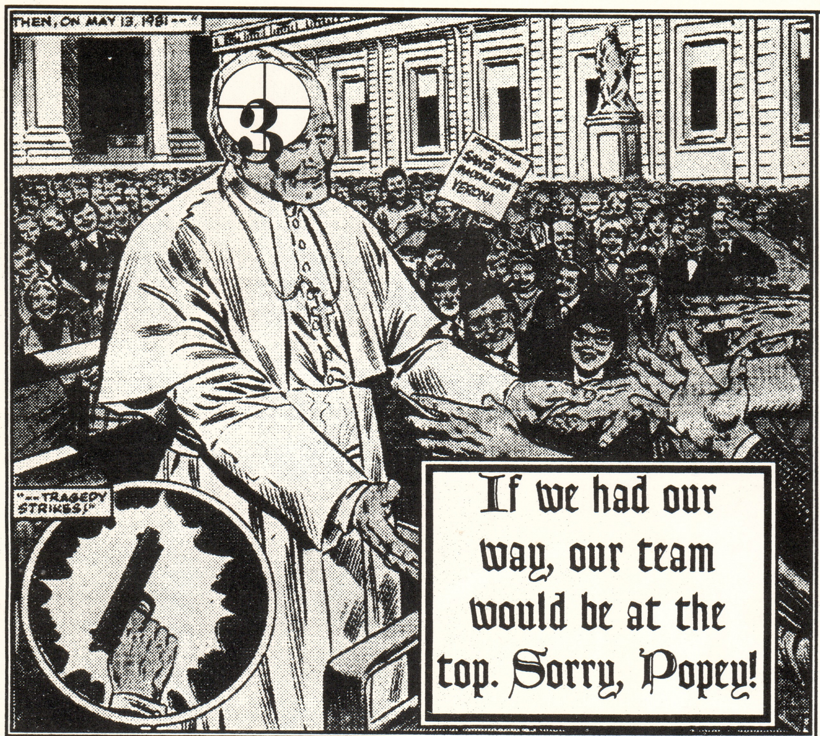
THEN, ON MAY 13, 1981 -- "
3
VERONA
"...TRAGEDY STRIKES!"
If we had our way, our team would be at the top. Sorry, Popey!

In this business, back-scratching is a sacrement. See, Insight gets this ad space in Stain for real cheap, cuz their editor and our editor went to reform school together. If you like this magazine, you'll like Insight. This issue has **L7, Sonic Youth, Public Enemy, Boredoms, Luscious Jackson, 7000 Dying Rats, Lemmy of Motörhead on gun control, and Helmet**. There's also tons of reviews, comics, a free page of stickers, banal poetry, and wads of other horseshit. Like I said, if you like Stain, you'll like Insight. We're buddies. In the meantime, enjoy Stain. Steve and Debbie are a couple a swell folks.

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#8 ▪ Spring ▪ 1995

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Steve & Debbie

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307 Wharton St.
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USA

Available by mail for $3.00ppd.
Subscriptions are $10.00/yearly (4 issues).
$3.50 and 12.00 outside the US.

Advertising Rates:
Full Page: $135.00
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1/4 Page: $40.00
Back Cover (2-color): $180.00

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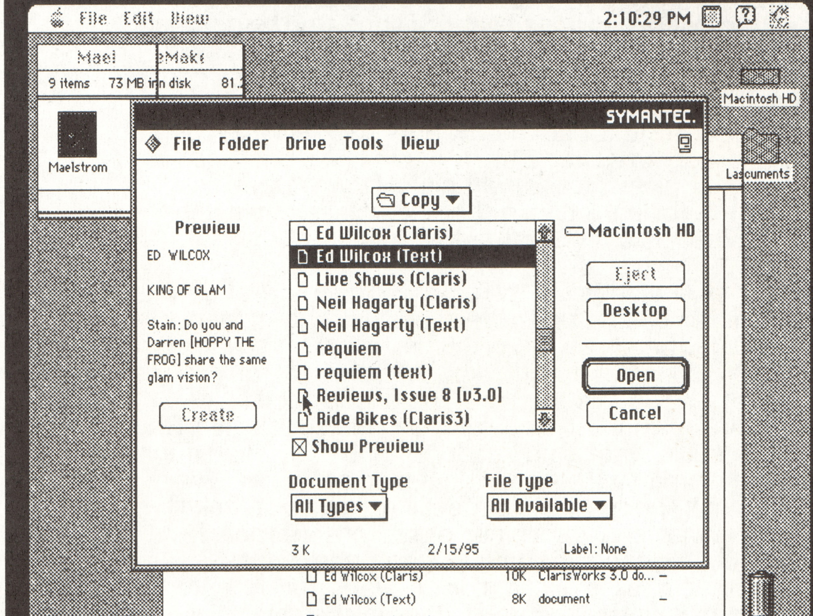
Deadline for Issue #9: June 5th

All opinions are the sole opinions of the individual contributors. (But usually we agree.)

Contents:

Editorial
by Debbie 2
"Ride Those Bikes You Fucker"
by Steve 3
Ringleader 4
"Requiem"
by Frank J. Bell 6
Interview: CONGO/NORVELL
by Frank Reese & Colleen 8
Untitled portraiture
by Luc Esterson 11
FREE flexi 13
Interview: ED WILCOX
by Steve 14
"Generica"
by Rez 18
Stain Benefit
by Debbie 22
Bob Was a Liability
by Larry 24
Interview: NEIL HAGERTY
by Steve 25
Live Show Reviews 28
Record, Tape & CD Reviews 31
Back Issues/Merchandise 37
Zines 38
Record Label/Indie Services/Artist Listings 40



Preview

ED WILCOX

KING OF GLAM

Stain: Do you and Darren [HOPPY THE FROG] share the same glam vision?

Ed Wilcox (Claris)
Ed Wilcox (Text)
Live Shows (Claris)
Neil Hagarty (Claris)
Neil Hagarty (Text)
requiem
requiem (text)
Reviews, Issue 8 [v3.0]
Ride Bikes (Claris3)

☒ Show Preview

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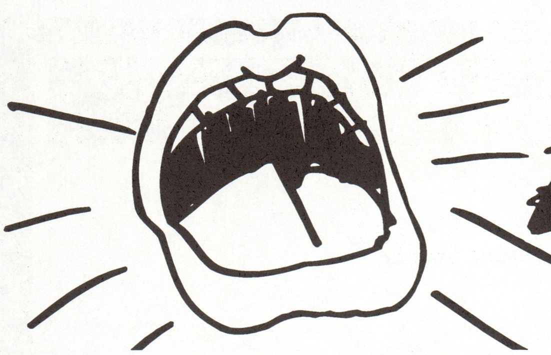


EDITORIAL

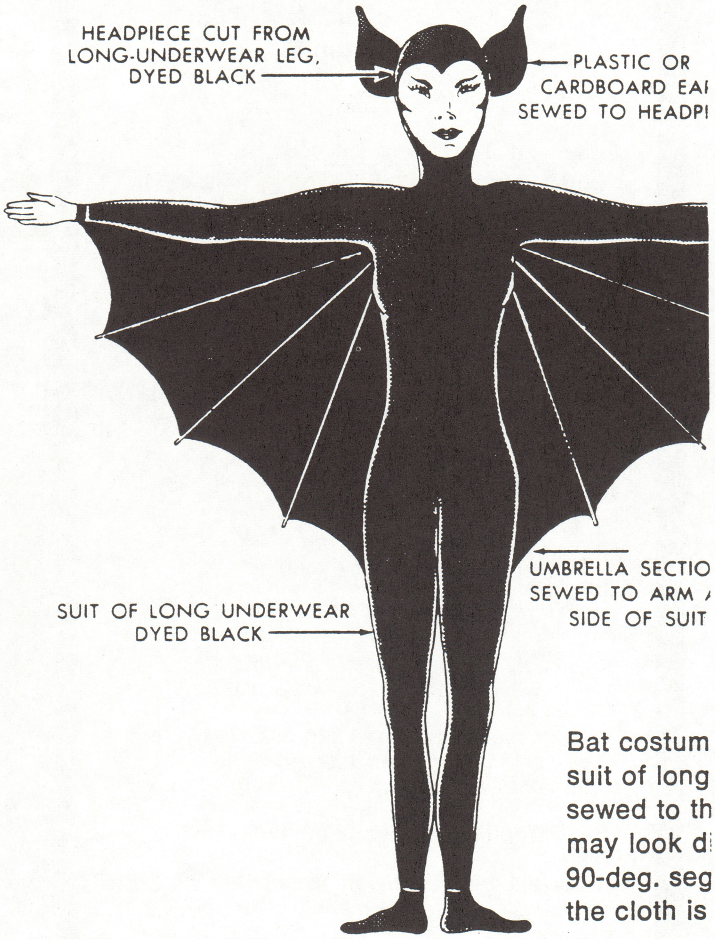
By Debbie

It's hard not to judge a book by it's cover, and first impressions are lasting, right? Well yeah, of course. We all remember the first time we meet a person, unless it's 2 am and last call. But for the most part, once you are introduced and talking for a while, you can pretty much tell in a few minutes whether or not this person would be cool to hang out with or a real jerk. I know that way of thinking can sound a little premature, but we learn to trust our intuition, especially after numerous mistakes and bad calls. So is this judging the book by it's cover or content? Hmmm,where do you draw the line?

While paging through the local newspaper on my lunch hour, I came across a letter to Ann Landers. The letter was from a woman who was "fed up with the male population." She goes on to say how there are no good men left, and all the men she's ever met wanted her for a "bedmate, a doormat, a mother, a maid, a silent partner, a cook" and so on. She doesn't understand why she can't meet a nice man , now 10 years after her separation with her hubby. She is a 36 year old single mother. She says, "...I have an excellent job, my own car and yes, a terrific sense of humor, and the reason men do not like me is because I am independent and have a brain." Well, maybe just a little too independent I'd say. And I don't think I go for that whole 'doormat' description, unless you are stupid enough to let a terrible relationship develop that far. I've never been treated that way by my man, or any man for that matter. Of course, I'll occasionally be confronted by a condescending sales person in SILO, but I know better and ignore this person, because they just don't know how to deal with people and are insecure themselves. Now, I just don't go there anymore. It's that simple. But why does this woman keep running into the same despicable vermin? What do they want out of her?

Jeez, well she does OWN her car. And it's probably a nice one, since she finds it a credit to a good man. I guess that beats an '86 pickup on its third owner. I'm sure she does have a good job. My job isn't making me rich, but the people are nice, the dress code is lenient, and without it I wouldn't be able to survive. She says despite what Ann Landers might say, men don't what a woman with a terrific sense of humor. Well, maybe not the men she's meeting. I'd love to ask this woman what she wants out of her dream man. But she probably doesn't know. Doesn't she want a bedmate, a cook, a protector or silent partner? Unfortunately this woman is lost in the superficial world of materialism. She finds more value in material goals rather than spiritual, intellectual goals. So many of my peers and their significant other share all responsibilities and cast away any gender labels typical to certain ways of day to day life. They don't drive cars, mostly bikes. Their jobs range from doctors to artists, advertisers to coffeehouse workers, writers to accountants and you probably couldn't tell who was what. But society has labeled these people failures, since their achievements might not be as visible as a fresh haircut and a shiny pair of Wingtips. What a shame.

I thought for sure Ann Landers' response would succumb to this woman's letter, especially since it was the second letter on this topic. But good ol' Ann lashes back with some advice, valuable to anyone who wishes to humanize their lost soul; "...good men are out there. Trust me. But often they are not tall enough or thin enough or rich enough, and sometimes they wear work clothes instead of pinstripe suits. Get the picture? I hope so."



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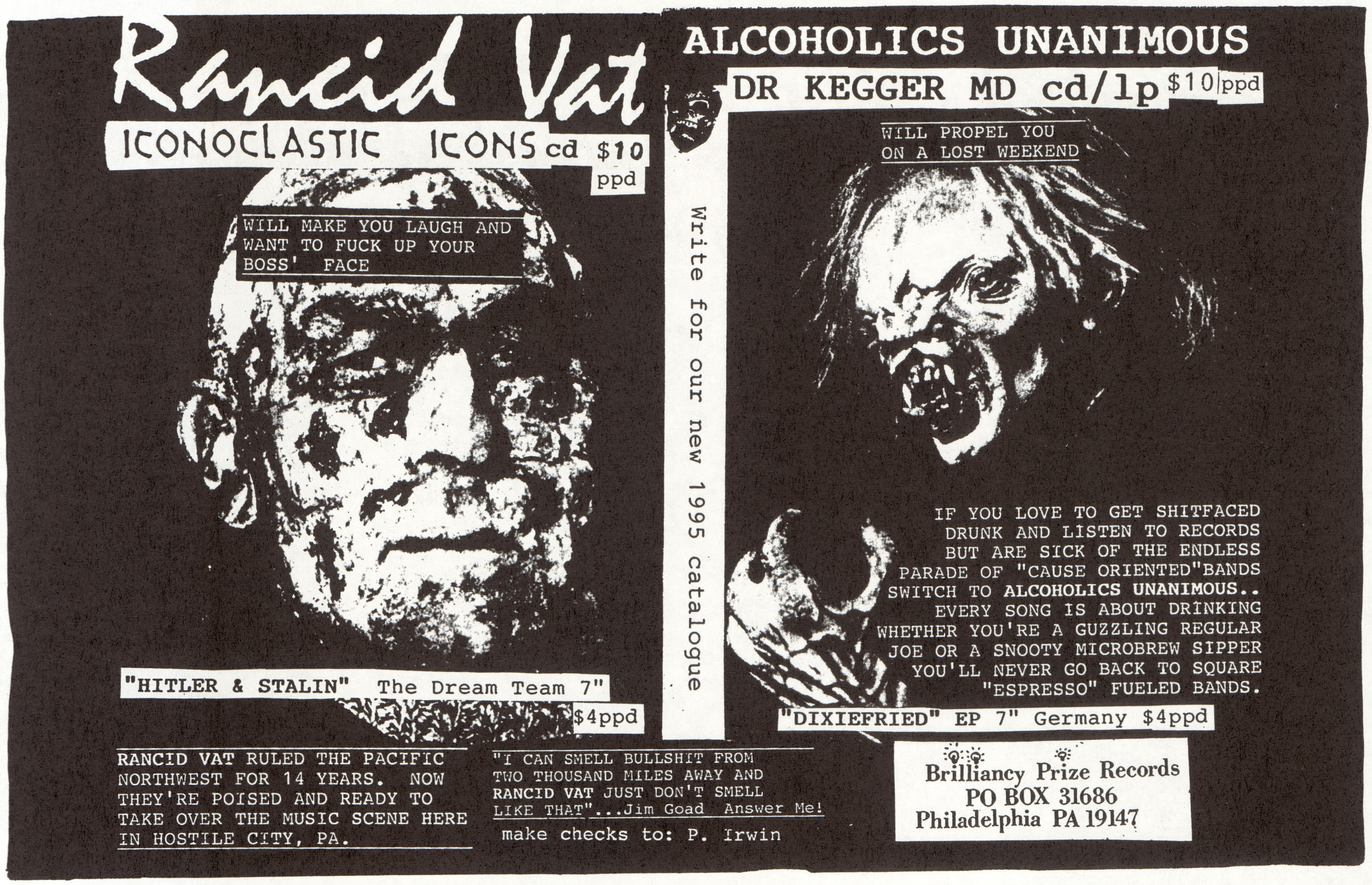

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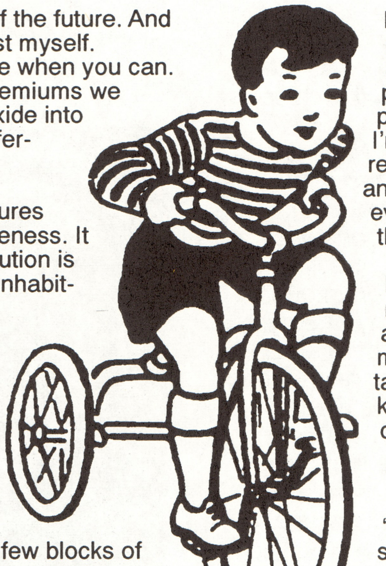
Ride Those Bikes YOU DUMB FUCKER!

Listen to me when I tell ya, bikes are the wave of the future. And no, not because I'm some high and mighty cyclist myself. Because it just makes plain fucking sense to bike when you can. You owe it to the air we breath and the health premiums we pay not to be a lazy slob pumping carbon monoxide into the lungs of someone who's trying to make a difference.

Thank god I'm starting to see more editorial features and activist groups popping up to increase awareness. It seems to be a matter of the cities, where air pollution is the worst, making biking more accessible to it's inhabitants. Here in Philadelphia, there seems to have been a couple of flurries of dialogue between bicycling groups and the local government as of late. As it stands, there isn't a single bicycle lane existing anywhere in the center city limits and the two bisecting streets that are perfect due to restricted traffic during business hours are restricted to bicyclists. I know a promise was made last year to include a bike lane in the new proposed re-construction of Delaware Ave. So far, the only effort extended has been a few blocks of shoulder along DE Ave. separating you from the commuter traffic by only a white painted line. I know there have been other proposals, but I do not know the exact outcome at this point.



I know it's not convenient for a majority of people to go bi, and believe me I can sympathize with the auto-commuter. We just need to do it when possible and help get legislation passed that protects as well as entices the would-be bicyclist. I'm sure I don't need to get into the subject of responsibility towards car-pooling, emissions testing, and public transportation at this point and there's even a lot more to be said about electric cars, but all that's a story for another time.

For now, the more people on bikes, the less carbon monoxide being produced for the people (runners and pedestrians as well) who want to improve their muscular and cardia-vascular systems, while not taking in the poisons that bicycling reduces. Get it? I know it's not convenient most of the time, but for all of us, simply make an effort.

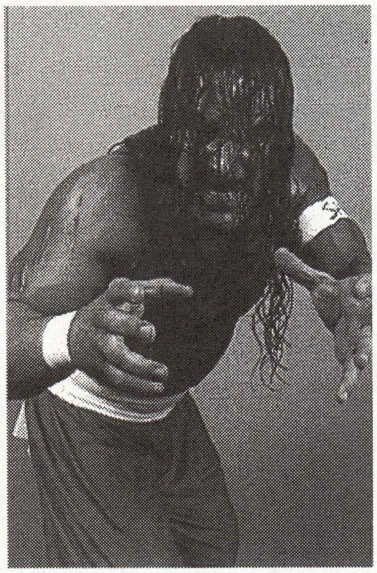
Thank You very much.

'ol leather lung
sa

THE RINGLEADER

1994-What a Year...
...*Who Knew?*

Get it in gear sports' fans–the RingLeader is coming at you! It's been a real weird and unpredictable year in the ever classic Professional Wrestling world. Blood flowed, empires crumbled, everyone jumped sides, and criminals as usual came out on top.



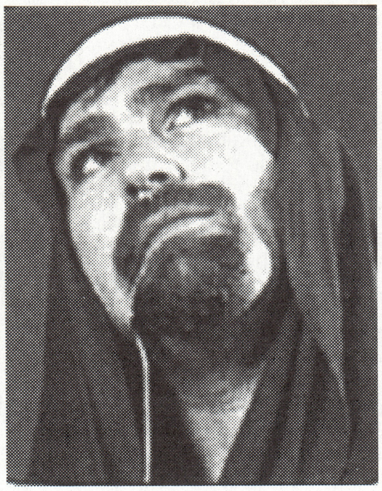
Sabu

1994 saw everyone's favorite whore - Vince MacMahon, get off in a big way, being acquitted in the steroids case of the century. If this is American justice, O.J. can walk into court with a bowie knife and Nicole's' bloody Ginsued body and claim he never knew her and he stands every chance of walking. I spoke in depth with Vinnie at a luncheon in Tampa and his people had him sedated before I got a chance to see the photos of the "Gentlemen" lawyers in their lace panties and the stretched rectums of the Judges involved. Maybe some other time. He did share his stupid opinions of the future of WWF and his complete distaste for me, while making some of the best pepper-vodka martinis I've ever had. My hat's off to the man behind the bar. Vince–come out of the closet.

Next, on to WWF South–I mean WCW. If I didn't have such a high regard for Barbarella Jane, I'd swear Turner and his entrancing commie wife were hanging out at the same bondage parties as MacMahon and his swinish justice buddies. The plots and characters of WWF have transformed into WCW –all the way down to "Hulk-a-mania". Ouch–my aneurysm is acting up! Yes, Hogan (and his once great brother, Brutis "The Butcher-Barber" Beefcake) and Flair teamed up once more in an "I Quit!" match. Unfortunately, there was a winner. Yes, Thunder in Hoganville came out on top. Rumors from one of my WCW moles tells me that Hogan's near future includes the Hulk being eaten alive by Little Mister T and a group of Midget heavyweights. If Vince could only have gotten there first.

Bob Backlund

People I still refuse to mention 'till I'm asked to cover their ritual suicides. Pig-Boy Bob Backlund and his stupid "killer" hands. Doink the Clown. Matt–you had a chance to give up the make-up and rework your career. I'm not one to tell people what to do, but it worked for Ace Freely. Bret Hart–of the once great Hart Foundation. Pardon me, I have to wipe the vomit off my chin. Harvey Whippleman–enough said. J. T. Smith. I haven't heard of any Rocky sequels lately–how 'bout you? Sting. There's only one Gordon Sumner –figure it out.



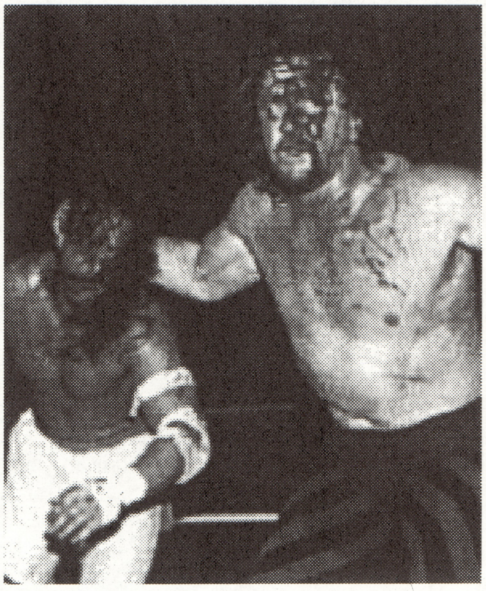
Abuddah Singh

People I've lost touch with that don't call of write. The Bruise Brothers–Ron and Don Taylor. After assaulting a REALLY STUPID fan at the beautiful Swanson street arena, the true twins of terror vanished into thin air. Chris Candito, who appears to have gone to Smoky Mountain Wrestling, just doesn't show his face around as much as we would like. His girlfriend, who I miss that much more, doesn't EVER show her face enough. Or anything else for that matter. Abdullah the Butcher, who's been keeping a low profile since being charred by his protege, Abudda Singh's keen torch trick. The ass-kicking Abudda got didn't seem to be in the script. Or maybe I'm telepathic–I'm not sure. Pretty-Boy Larry Sharpe, who's given me no reason to call or write since all his talent jumped ship for ECW. Larry–I love ya man, wake up and strike a deal with Tod Gordon and ECW. You'd keep me from ever having to visit the Swanson Street Arena. (It used to be charming, but Tod–the addition of bleachers around the squared circle might be good for stuffing people in safely, but you're watering down your product.) King Kong Bundy, who shows up to make some extra cash, empties out a few White Castles, and disappears like bigfoot (or bigsomething). I miss Mean Gene Okerlund and Jesse the Body Ventura, who I can't bring myself to sit through on the nazi Turner network. I miss Terry Funk, who's recently moved to Japan to make a fortune with Tanya Harding wrestling in WING, Nippons' ultra bloody league. I miss the Road Warriors for reasons of plain brutal sentimentality. I miss Chief Jay Strongbow. Just because.

Abdullah "The Butcher"

I saw a lot of appealing, empty-headed, gratuitous, violence that I hope all of you demented lollipops will have a chance to see in 1995. There are a few principles I'd like you, my loyal fans to adhere to this year. Call them your RingLeader resolutions.

1. Support ALL independent leagues. This is where your money will be well spent.
2. Reject ANYTHING with the letters WWF or WCW. It will most likely keep you from eating your left foot in frustration. It will also force any talent they have to EARN a living.
3. If all you've ever seen is WWF or WCW, stop eating Special K and watching Oliver Stone movies and all the other wasteful things you persist in doing. You used to piss in your bed but you've outgrown that. I hope. Get out and see ECW, AWA, SMW, or any other hard working independent. Relax, bloodstains will come out of your GAP clothes.
4. Lust after Mrs. Ted Turner while sucking down Pub Draft Guinness and eating Haggis.



Funk vs Sabu

MOONDOG
&
VOLCANO
Moon DOG
Spike

The Ringleader recently attended a benefit to restore Monty Hall to his rightful place in showbiz, and stumbled on some old friends, Moondog Spike and his wife Volcano. They entertained the crowds making and handing out balloon animals. Always was a crowd pleaser!

For suspicious reasons, the Ringleader requested that we place this photo far away from his own likeness.

5. Last and most important, READ and Blindly Follow everything I say and do. I know what's best for you and I'm usually right anyway.

Public Enemy

Requiem

by
Frank J. Bell

It is difficult, in the best of situations, to recall the sum total of a person's life, as well as the impact that they may have on you. And it is doubly hard for those grieving that one who has departed. Clergy sermonize as teary-eyed relations and friends try desperately to think of those extreme happy moments for some type of solace and comfort in this the darkest of times.

Death does not wait on ceremony. For those who gaze on it's bright face, they know nothing - only that the suffering or wait is over. Time will now stand still for them as it does for those that have gathered to pay their respects. A task made twice as hard by the victim's young age, and infinitely more trying do to it's cause.

Try now to visualize a close friend. Concentrate on whether you can recall in great detail his or her habits, thoughts, emotions, dreams.. all that would encompass them and try to reconcile that you will never see them again.

A difficult task, and one that is not particularly pleasant. Now try this..

I never knew Alan Palo, the actor, the up and coming talent. Friendly, handsome, a man who was realizing his dream of becoming an actor, who took himself off to L.A. leaving that backwater known as South Jersey and staking it all on his thoughts that he could cut it as a talent in a town where luck matters most of all.

OBITUARIES

Alan Palo, actor from Cinnaminson

By DAVID HOH
Courier-Post Staff

Alan W. Palo, 32, of Cinnaminson, died Sunday from complications of AIDS.

Mr. Palo had been living in West Hollywood, Calif., and building a career for himself in television and movies for several years when he became ill early in 1994. He returned home in June and died with his family at his side.

His dream of becoming an actor began in seventh grade when he watched his older sister, Linda, perform in a high school production of *Wait Until Dark.*

"Alan was so enthralled by that show that he decided right then and there that's what he wanted to do for the rest of his life," said his father, Bert.

At Brick Township High School, he performed in school productions all four years, beginning with a role in *Harvey* as a freshman. As a senior, he joined the Red Oak Music Theater in Lakewood.

ALAN W. PALO
. . .in three movies

After graduating high school in 1980, Mr. Palo worked at a variety of jobs, including two years as a baccarat and black jack dealer in Atlantic City. He never lost sight of his dream. In 1986, he bought a car, gathered his savings and drove to California.

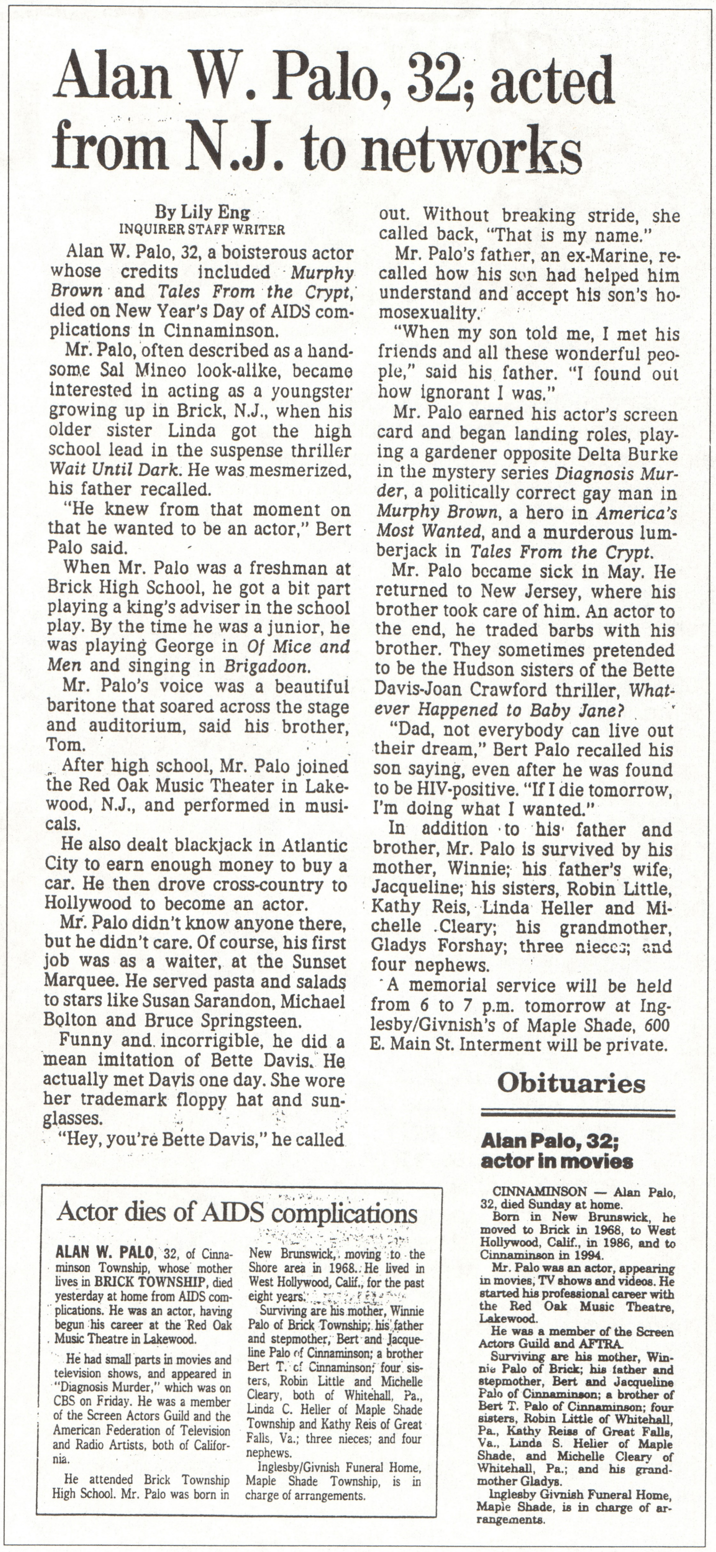
Mr. Palo had roles in three movies: *Fearless, Die Trying* and *Prehysteria II.* He had a role in a *Murphy Brown* episode and played a drug dealer for seven or eight episodes on *Days of Our Lives.* On the TV drama *Wild Palms,* he played the lawyer for Angie Dickinson's character. He had numerous parts on crime shows such as *911* and *America's Most Wanted.*

Mr. Palo is survived by his mother, Winnie of Brick Township; his father, Bert, and his stepmother, Jacqueline of Cinnaminson; his brother, Bert T. (Tom) of Cinnaminson; and four sisters, Robin Little of Whitehall, Pa., Kathy Reis of Great Falls, Va., Linda C. Heller of Maple Shade, and Michelle Cleary of Whitehall, Pa., and his grandmother, Gladys R. Forshay of Brick.

A memorial service will be 7 p.m. Wednesday at Inglesby/Givnish's Funeral Home, 600 E. Main St., Maple Shade. Friends may call from 6 to 7 p.m.

Memorial donations may be made to the Samaritan Hospice, 214 W. Second St., Moorestown, N.J. 08057.

I knew what any stranger could know. Obituaries: "Alan W. Palo, 32; acted from N.J. to networks" "...actor in movies" or the most cuttingly precise "Actor dies of AIDS complications".



Alan W. Palo, 32; acted from N.J. to networks

By Lily Eng
INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

Alan W. Palo, 32, a boisterous actor whose credits included *Murphy Brown* and *Tales From the Crypt,* died on New Year's Day of AIDS complications in Cinnaminson.

Mr. Palo, often described as a handsome Sal Mineo look-alike, became interested in acting as a youngster growing up in Brick, N.J., when his older sister Linda got the high school lead in the suspense thriller *Wait Until Dark*. He was mesmerized, his father recalled.

"He knew from that moment on that he wanted to be an actor," Bert Palo said.

When Mr. Palo was a freshman at Brick High School, he got a bit part playing a king's adviser in the school play. By the time he was a junior, he was playing George in *Of Mice and Men* and singing in *Brigadoon.*

Mr. Palo's voice was a beautiful baritone that soared across the stage and auditorium, said his brother, Tom.

After high school, Mr. Palo joined the Red Oak Music Theater in Lakewood, N.J., and performed in musicals.

He also dealt blackjack in Atlantic City to earn enough money to buy a car. He then drove cross-country to Hollywood to become an actor.

Mr. Palo didn't know anyone there, but he didn't care. Of course, his first job was as a waiter, at the Sunset Marquee. He served pasta and salads to stars like Susan Sarandon, Michael Bolton and Bruce Springsteen.

Funny and incorrigible, he did a mean imitation of Bette Davis. He actually met Davis one day. She wore her trademark floppy hat and sunglasses.

"Hey, you're Bette Davis," he called out. Without breaking stride, she called back, "That is my name."

Mr. Palo's father, an ex-Marine, recalled how his son had helped him understand and accept his son's homosexuality.

"When my son told me, I met his friends and all these wonderful people," said his father. "I found out how ignorant I was."

Mr. Palo earned his actor's screen card and began landing roles, playing a gardener opposite Delta Burke in the mystery series *Diagnosis Murder*, a politically correct gay man in *Murphy Brown*, a hero in *America's Most Wanted*, and a murderous lumberjack in *Tales From the Crypt.*

Mr. Palo became sick in May. He returned to New Jersey, where his brother took care of him. An actor to the end, he traded barbs with his brother. They sometimes pretended to be the Hudson sisters of the Bette Davis-Joan Crawford thriller, *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?*

"Dad, not everybody can live out their dream," Bert Palo recalled his son saying, even after he was found to be HIV-positive. "If I die tomorrow, I'm doing what I wanted."

In addition to his father and brother, Mr. Palo is survived by his mother, Winnie; his father's wife, Jacqueline; his sisters, Robin Little, Kathy Reis, Linda Heller and Michelle Cleary; his grandmother, Gladys Forshay; three nieces; and four nephews.

A memorial service will be held from 6 to 7 p.m. tomorrow at Inglesby/Givnish's of Maple Shade, 600 E. Main St. Interment will be private.

Actor dies of AIDS complications

ALAN W. PALO, 32, of Cinnaminson Township, whose mother lives in **BRICK TOWNSHIP**, died yesterday at home from AIDS complications. He was an actor, having begun his career at the Red Oak Music Theatre in Lakewood.

He had small parts in movies and television shows, and appeared in "Diagnosis Murder," which was on CBS on Friday. He was a member of the Screen Actors Guild and the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, both of California.

He attended Brick Township High School. Mr. Palo was born in New Brunswick, moving to the Shore area in 1968. He lived in West Hollywood, Calif., for the past eight years.

Surviving are his mother, Winnie Palo of Brick Township; his father and stepmother, Bert and Jacqueline Palo of Cinnaminson; a brother Bert T. of Cinnaminson; four sisters, Robin Little and Michelle Cleary, both of Whitehall, Pa., Linda C. Heller of Maple Shade Township and Kathy Reis of Great Falls, Va.; three nieces; and four nephews.

Inglesby/Givnish Funeral Home, Maple Shade Township, is in charge of arrangements.

Obituaries

Alan Palo, 32; actor in movies

CINNAMINSON — Alan Palo, 32, died Sunday at home.

Born in New Brunswick, he moved to Brick in 1968, to West Hollywood, Calif., in 1986, and to Cinnaminson in 1994.

Mr. Palo was an actor, appearing in movies, TV shows and videos. He started his professional career with the Red Oak Music Theatre, Lakewood.

He was a member of the Screen Actors Guild and AFTRA.

Surviving are his mother, Winnie Palo of Brick; his father and stepmother, Bert and Jacqueline Palo of Cinnaminson; a brother of Bert T. Palo of Cinnaminson; four sisters, Robin Little of Whitehall, Pa., Kathy Reiss of Great Falls, Va., Linda S. Helier of Maple Shade, and Michelle Cleary of Whitehall, Pa.; and his grandmother Gladys.

Inglesby Givnish Funeral Home, Maple Shade, is in charge of arrangements.

That is my Alan. The man who had already gone on. The man who left behind a family, truly shattered by his passing, and wondering why. To piece together this man and his life is something for a detective not for me. To understand the causes for his demise is something that scores of doctors the world over cannot decide upon. This is no cause célebrè, no celebrity charity dinner dance for the jet set hipster scene to show up for at $2,000.00 a head. This is hardcore reality jumping out at us and trying to draw you in.

To be honest, I have been to a lot of funerals and services, over the years, but never have I felt the presence of the person hang so heavily in the air until that night. The room was strewn with photos. Head shots, promos, the like. A man of confidence, who felt that everything was now going his way. They all stood in mute testimony to the urn that stood in representation of his final resting place. It may have been bizarre to think that this was truly a Dorian Grey-esque scene, a man who is finally shown his other side, only too late to stop it. No one knew, and there is no stopping it. The air did truly change throughout the event as the bereaved gathered for the memorial.

It was a truly somber crowd. Not so much do to the going of this particular man, but do to the nature of the passing. A number of them had already lost their partners or loved ones to the disease or had or were expecting it themselves. The memorial took on an oppressive feel as these people sat in their own private hells and wondered what thoughts, I have no idea. A suffering look that one does not usually see and a wearing down of the soul that is rarely shown in these numbers. It seemed as if everyone was waiting for that next bullet to be their's and in some cases they wished it would be soon.

These observations, however, are not why I wished to talk about the death of this young man or why young lives are being snuffed out with a ferocity that few other ailments can muster. Nor, is it to moralize (although it may appear so) or apologize for people's life choices and the effects of them. It was the fact that throughout this union of communal suffering and fatalistic acceptance, one woman was able to shine through with hope.

She was a pastor and a person of considerable note among the local support groups. Well known and respected, she attended a good number of these memorials and was always a welcome speaker. There is no way to exaggerate this woman's effect on the participants. I would be lying if I said that I had ever heard a eulogy that was more moving, more in depth or had the ability to unite a group of people who saw through the grief. the anger. the gnawing fear of their futures and to project for them the promise of a positive outcome.

To give life back to the dead.

To celebrate the end of Alan's tragic life and to draw strength from it. Not through martyrdom but as the one that is leading the way for others.

I cannot describe the experience and these poor words are not much comfort. Alan, I have no new words to say for you other than that you were loved in life as in death.

What more can you need?

Interview:

CONGO / NORVELL

by Frank Reese & Colleen

That's right, the Congo in CONGO NORVELL is Kid Congo Powers. All day at work I was growing more and more excited that I would soon be talking to The Man. He has played guitar in two of the greatest bands ever, THE CRAMPS and THE BAD SEEDS. Nuff said.

The following is from the interview Colleen and I did with Kid, Kristian Hoffman: keyboards, and the talkative Joseph Becardi: drums. Their album is out on Basura! and it's "Music To Remember Him By".

Stain: ***When did you guys meet?***
Kid: Well, I met Sally about four years ago and we started doing these little projects together in LA. We did a short experimental film. That was the first thing we did.

Stain: ***What was that?***
Kid: It was called "Death By Unnatural Causes". It was a surrealistic look at the state of things... at AIDs. It was a time when a lot of friends were dying and we just wanted to do something that would effect people emotionally. It seemed that people were just concerned with numbers.

Stain: ***Were you involved with the direction?***
Kid: It was two women, Lisa Renser and Karen Malone. Sally produced it and we did some music for it.

Stain: ***Is it available on video?***
Kid: Yeah, it was shot on 16mm and it made its rounds at a lot of film festivals.

Stain: ***And this was after "Wings Of Desire"?***
Kid: Yeah, this was after that... we met because of a mutual friend. He thought we might want to work together. Sally (Norvell) had a part in "Paris, Texas" and I was in "Wings Of Desire", so we both knew Wim Wenders.

Stain: ***How was it working with him?***
Kid: Great... he's exactly like one of his films, he's very focused... very slow moving. They really reflect his personality. He's a real music fan. He's told me he's seen the GUN CLUB a few times in LA. He uses a lot of interesting bands in his films, good taste in music.
Kristian: That's 'cause he used you. *(laughter)*

Stain: ***Kristian, when did you meet up with Kid?***
Kristian: Well, I knew him for a long time, before he was in THE CRAMPS. In fact, I think a friend and I were instrumental in helping that to happen. My old band, THE MUMPS, knew them from New York, and we knew Kid was the only person that could possibly replace Bryan Gregory. *(laughter)* I went on my various musical adventures, then he caught me in a sleepwalking period, about three years ago, and it's been CONGO NORVELL since.

Stain: ***And that's when Joseph joined?***
Joseph: No, I've only been in the band for six months, but I knew Mary and she pulled me into the band.

Stain: ***There was a 10" released prior to the new album?***
Kristian: Yeah, that was the only prior release. It was on Fiasco Records... that was a couple of years ago, maybe you can find a copy of it. *(laughter)*

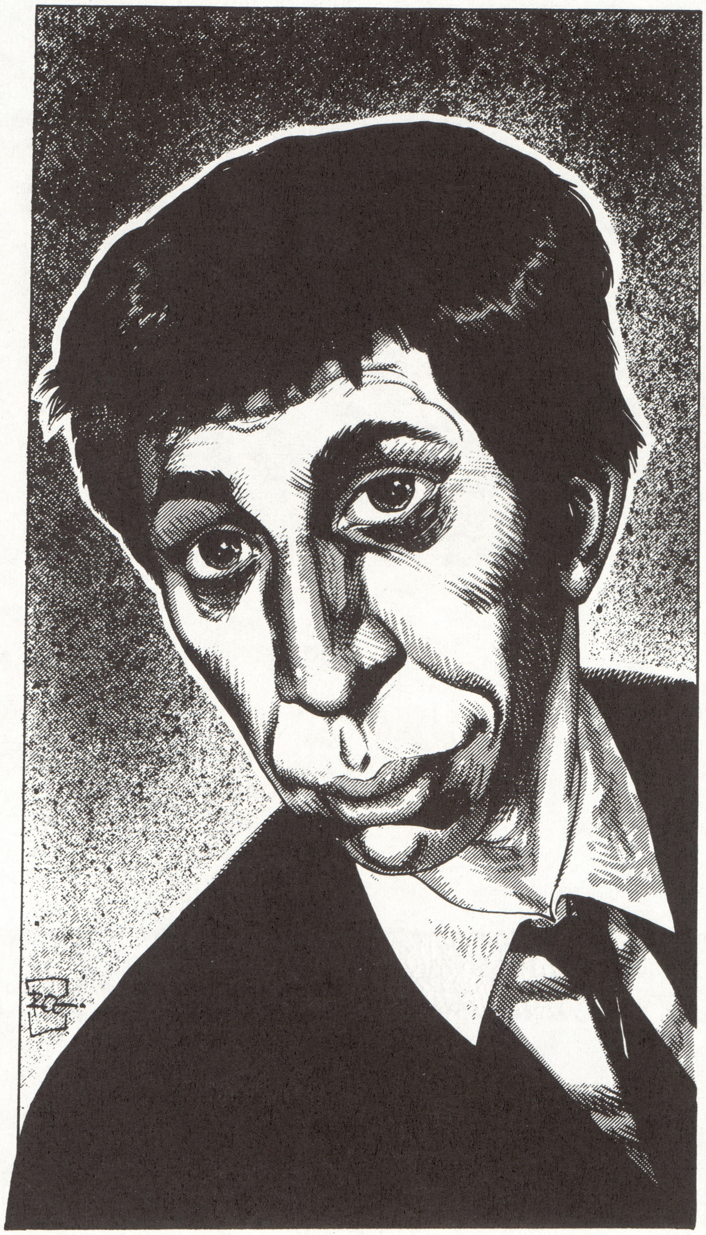
Stain: ***How do you like being on Basura!?***
Kid: Very good... they have been very enthusiastic. They were after us for a long time. It seemed like a good idea to get a record out soon. They have a very weird mixture of people on their label... FORESKIN 500, TIMCO, a whole different thing.

Stain: ***So Priority just distributes it?***
Kid: Yeah, basically.

Stain: ***Do you prefer being on the smaller label and just being distributed by the larger?***
Kid: I think for this record it's a good thing. We get to do what we want... make the record we want.
Kristian: And they aren't just "Let's throw it against the wall and see if it sticks." They know they have to make this happen or they'll be another dead label.

Stain: ***What is the worst description of C/N?***
(slight hesitation)
Kid: Cocktail lounge music.
Kristian: Retro.

Stain: ***Gothic?***
Kid: Yeah, I guess gothic is pretty bad.
Kristian: Well, a smidgen of gothic isn't bad, but you just can't use too much of that parsley. *(laughter)*



Stain: ***I see a few tracks were produced by Mick Harvey, how was it working with him again?***
Kid: Great, for me it's just like family. I've been hanging around with him for a long time. He's actually the one who pulled me into THE BAD SEEDS. He's someone who understood what we were doing and what to do with it.

Stain: ***I'd like to back track, talk a little bit about you're background if you don't mind...***
Kid: I've been in therapy, so I'm used to it. *(laughter)*

Stain: ***THE INDIVIDUALS... I don't know too much about them, what was that like?***
Kid: Well, that was Jeffery's band, just before the GUN CLUB.
Kristian: Was that the BLONDIE copy band? (laughter)

Stain: ***That was when you were still in New York?***
Kid: Ahh... you see, that period all flustered... we were moving back and forth a lot then. We weren't really living in New York, we kind of went there to check it out, be part of it. It was so much more happening than the music scene out west.
Kristian: Like that $50 Greyhound from LA to NY, the punk rock bus trip... every famous LA band member was on that bus at one time or the other, although some of them would get kicked off. *(laughter)*

Stain: ***Then it was CREEPING RITUAL?***
Kid: Yeah, we decided we wanted to start a band, but after one gig we changed the name. We knew that the goth scene was creeping up on us and we didn't want to be strangled by that vine. *(laughter)*

Stain: ***Then it was the GUN CLUB. How long, if you still remember, were you in that?*** *(laughter)*
Kid: I guess it started in 1980. Jeffery wanted me to be the singer and he was going to play guitar, but I can't sing so...

Stain: ***You left before "Fire Of Love" didn't you?***
Kid: Yeah, right when I went over to THE CRAMPS they recorded their first album.

Stain: ***In the book "Wild World of THE CRAMPS", Lux was quoted as saying the album would have been so much greater had you played on it...***
Kid: I couldn't agree more. *(laughter)* Maybe we should re-record it.

Stain: ***When you were in THE CRAMPS, do you feel that you were more than just the guy playing for Lux and Ivy?***
Kid: I think I had a very clear idea of what I thought they needed at the time. What Bryan did really well and what I liked 'cause the "Psychedelic Jungle" album was pretty much a departure from all their other stuff. I'd like to think I had a lot to do with it... Lux and Ivy might have a different view. *(laughter)*
Kristian: But he was really CRAMPed and the people who came after him didn't seem like they were.

Stain: ***I heard you played a gig that was attended by Vampira, how was that?***
Kid: Oh yeah, she was great... actually, I met her before that. I was living in this house known in LA as the Wilton Hilton. It belonged to this band, THE SCREAMERS, this incredibly great band, so we had this really haunted house. Everyone who stayed there had a haunted experience. The cover of "Psychedelic Jungle", the fisheyed lens picture was taken inside that house. Anyway, we were moving out because the owner had blown his brains out there...

Colleen: ***While you were living there?***
Kid: Yeah, well he didn't live there, he just owned the house. His kids took over and they wanted to sell the house, so we were having a yard sale and Vampira showed up. I have a really great autograph from her. I have this scrap book and on one page she made a kiss print and signed Vampira.
Kristian: But she was on the scene a lot then, a sort of toothless little creature. She had a thrift store for a while.

Stain: ***Did she still have the tiny waist?***

Kristian: It was in there somewhere. *(laughter)*

Kid: Actually, Lux and Ivy met her first because they saw an ad in a newspaper that sold second hand stuff and it was somewhere selling Vampira t-shirts, so they called it and it was this woman. They asked her if she knew where Vampira was and she said she lived far away. So they went over and she confessed she was Vampira.

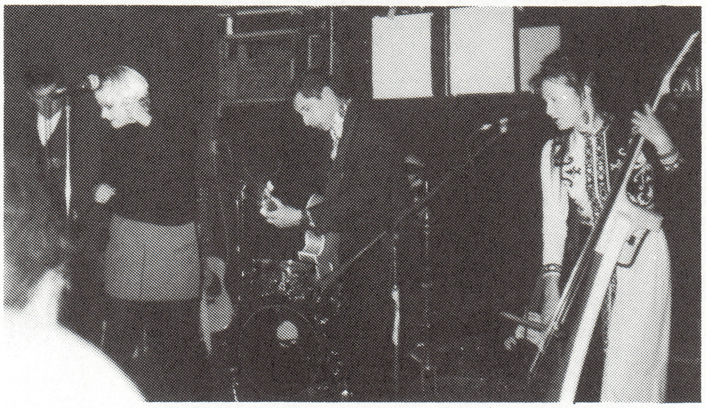
Kristian: Didn't they have something to do with her putting out that single?

Kid: I can't remember.

Kristian: She had a single out at the same time.

Kid: So she came and MC'd a show, a Halloween show of course.

Kristian: She was sort of like the godmother.



Stain: ***One of my favorite songs that THE CRAMPS covered was 'The Crusher', didn't you bring that one to the band?***

Kid: Yeah... we almost got to meet the wrestler, The Crusher. He was still wrestling in the early '80s and if I remember right, we were supposed to meet him but he had a match that night or something. *(laughter)*

Stain: ***Tell me about FUR BIBLE?***

Kid: Oh god. *(laughter)*... but you know, last year when we played at CMJ the Dj snuck it on before we played and I thought it sounded really great. I just think it was kind of a bad time, kind of unfocused.

Stain: ***So you think the reviews were just?***

Kid: That it was terrible?

Stain: ***Yeah.***

Kid: I think that the vocal was pretty terrible, but to hear it now it's really no worse than a lot of singers.

Stain: ***Who was singing?***

Kid: Me. *(laughter)*

Stain: ***How did they get you to do that?***

Kid: We had a singer and he quit and we had this studio time, Jim Thirwell was there so I said I'd just do it, I'll just start screaming.

Stain: ***Did you play any shows?***

Kid: We did a little touring, but I was never really into it. I would like to think I have a higher standard of quality, and that was the lowest quality. I'd like to think that I've redeemed myself.

Stain: ***The BAD SEEDS?***

Kid: It was really good 'cause in Berlin at the time there was a community of people working in a very experimental way. They were very adamant about working in a non-traditional way. I had been in R-n-R bands up to that point, you learn the song, play that chord. The bands there were so much like a family, THE BIRTHDAY PARTY off-shoots, the NEUBAUTEN people, DIE HAUT, CRIME & THE CITY SOLUTION, a lot of interchangeable people. It was a good way for me to learn to make room in songs. It was a really great learning experience.

Stain: ***Do you think it changed your playing a lot?***

Kid: Yeah, I think I used a lot of that in this band. We always worked songs out... I remember asking Nick what kind of mood or feel do you see in this and he was like, "Oh... gloomy". *(laughter)*

Stain: ***What a surprise.*** *(laughter)*

Kid: I never had to ask again.

Stain: ***You also released a solo ep...***

Kid: Yeah, that was put out on a very fly by night label out of Scotland called Nightshift or something like that. It belonged to Robin Guthries brother. Robin produced the GUN CLUB album "Mother Juno", so I decided to do a real dance record and mix it with real hard guitar because at the time there was not a lot of that happening.

Stain: ***When was this?***

Kid: Around 1986 or something.

Stain: ***Oh.. so this was before THE BAD SEEDS.***

Kid: Yeah, right before that, Barry Adamson played on it... Robin, some people from COLOURBOX, so it was like a real mixture of people. It was great... so it came out and we did a video but that was another case of indie torture. It came out through Rough Trade and they were going through a bad period. It was being played and getting good reviews but the warehouse that was holding them wouldn't release them until they were paid.

Stain: ***Getting back to CONGO/NORVELL, would you consider opening for someone, have you done any?***

Kid: We did some with THE BAD SEEDS, west coast dates... sure, I think we come across really well in a big room, I think we have a very full sound that comes across very well there.

Kristian: We're just coming out now and that will be next year.

Stain: ***Is there any style or direction that you would like to try that you haven't yet?***

Kid: Disco?

Stain: ***Maybe I should rephrase that.*** *(laughter)*

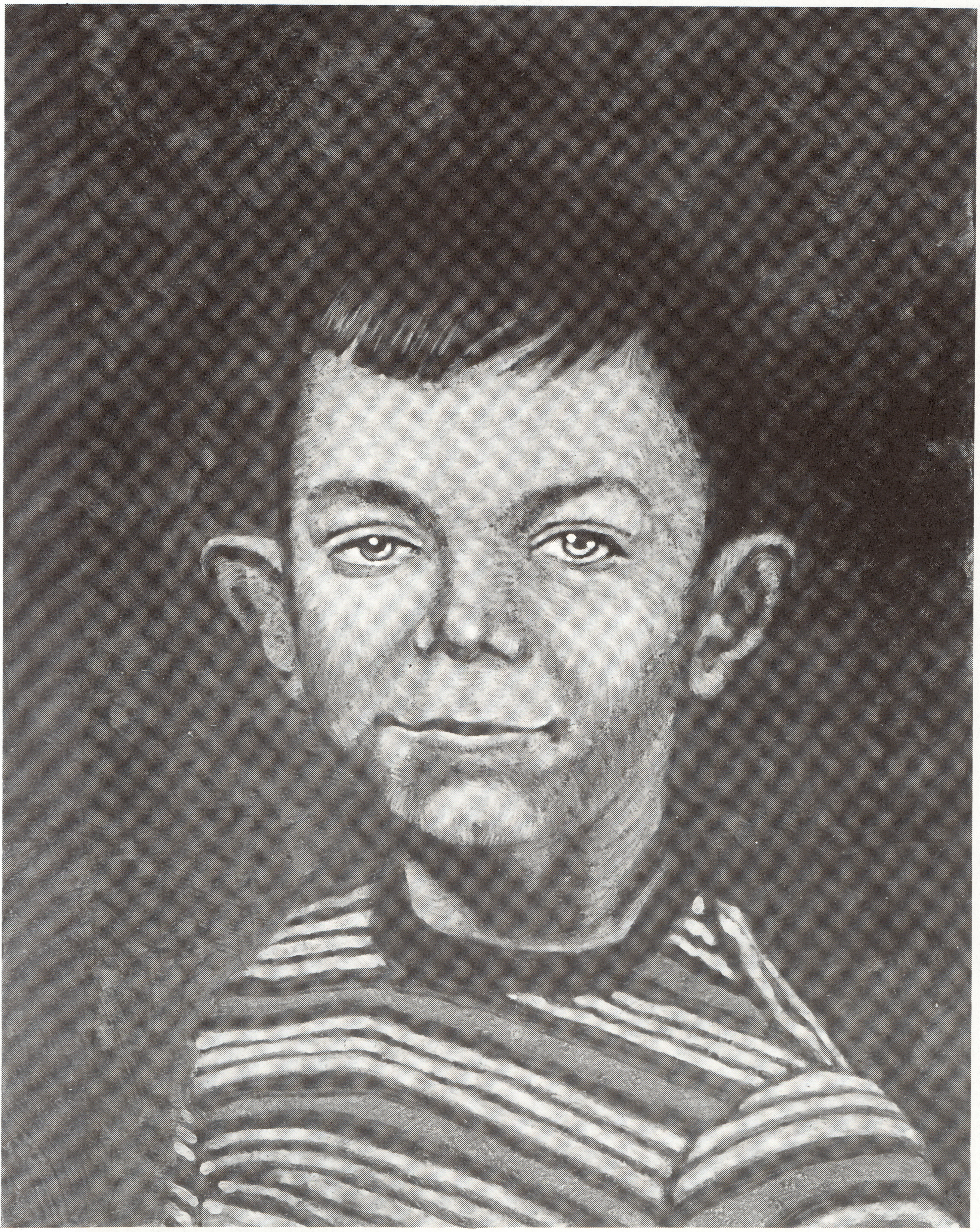
Kid: We're planning the next record now and I have a few ideas... to be more aggressive, meaner. This album has a lot of melancholy.

Kristian: This one's the grieving, the next one's the anger, then we're on to our next period.

Colleen: ***Denial.***

Kristian: No, we're already through that.

Kid: Denial was the part when we weren't recording. ∆



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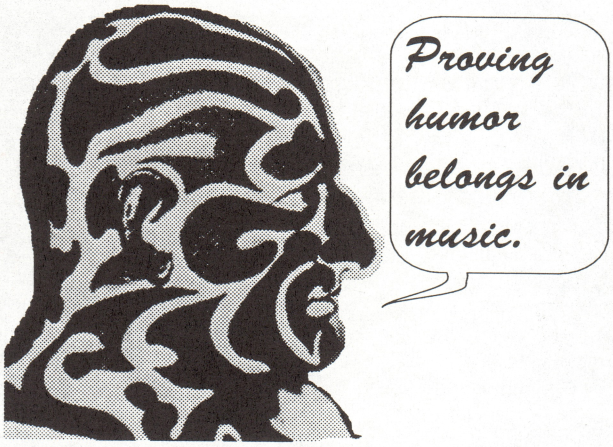
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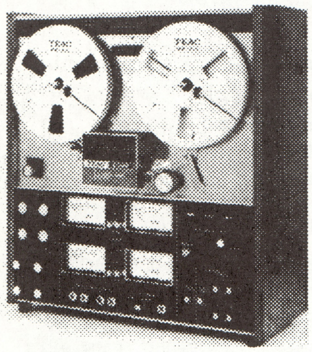

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* "DESCEND" WAS RECORDED ON 8-TRACK @ UGLY BIKER STUDIO BY HOIST.

Interview:

ED WILCOX

by Steve

Stain: ***Do you and Darren [HOPPY THE FROG] share the same glam vision?***
Ed: *(pealing off four or five layers of shirts)* You want to see glam, I'll show ya glam. *(Ed PROUDLY displays a beautiful new jailhouse SLADE tattoo.)* Maybe UFO on the other arm.

Stain: ***What are Mark and Trevor [TEMPLE OF BON MATIN] doing these days?***
Ed: I don't know what Mark's doing. I would really like to see Mark form a band that would kick our butt. Which is kind of why he's not in the band. Trevor is trying to get his photo thing going. The last time he played with us was about six weeks ago at the Casbah. It was like our 90th show and – nobody there. Meth25 was the audience – you know. In like one weekend, he and his girlfriend broke up – because he spent all of his time playing in bands, then he had some kind of photo shoot disaster for INTERVIEW or someone. Power strip overloaded, blowing out thousands of dollars worth of lights... they had sent all these models down from New York. It was just a fiasco and he was just like – enough. I think he was just tired.

Stain: ***How about you?***
Ed: Oh, I'm rockin' man. A company from Ohio saw us up at CB's last month and wants to put out a single of ours - Anyway Records. I'm real happy because they saw the new band. You know, no bias opinions. See, people don't realize that Rich and Larry are like the 13th and 14th people in TEMPLE OF BON MATIN over three years. Trevor was like our fifth or sixth guitarist. I want TEMPLE OF BON MATIN to always be something fresh. It's keeping me on my toes because Larry's this total metalhead. He does all of these licks and I have to keep up with him. He sings with CONFLICT BURNING.

Stain: ***How are the (TIBETAN) BOWLERS doing?***
Ed: I'll see them Thursday. We were rehearsing in this barn where Joe, the guitarist, lives. They kicked us out because they were making apple cider in the rehearsal room, but now we're back in. Wilbo's been real busy too. I've been making tapes to send to the press. I've offered to put together our press kit. I volunteered to do all of it.

Stain: ***With DRAGGONBALL, did you orchestrate that whole thing?***
Ed: I tried to. It was tough. We wrote about a half a dozen tunes, and a lot of people didn't learn the tunes. You ever see the Marx Brothers skit where they're tearing up the contract? That was us at our first rehearsal - we don't need this, don't need that. Ok, everybody play "E".

Stain: ***One of your paintings recently appeared in SPIN...***
Ed: They're really cool to work for. Trevor just said you should just take them up and show them to SPIN. I said ok and I did, and they called me. I promised at MIKEY (WILD) rehearsal one night... if Ed gets a gig

with SPIN, I'd put Mikey's picture in the piece. Yeah, but they were cool to work for.

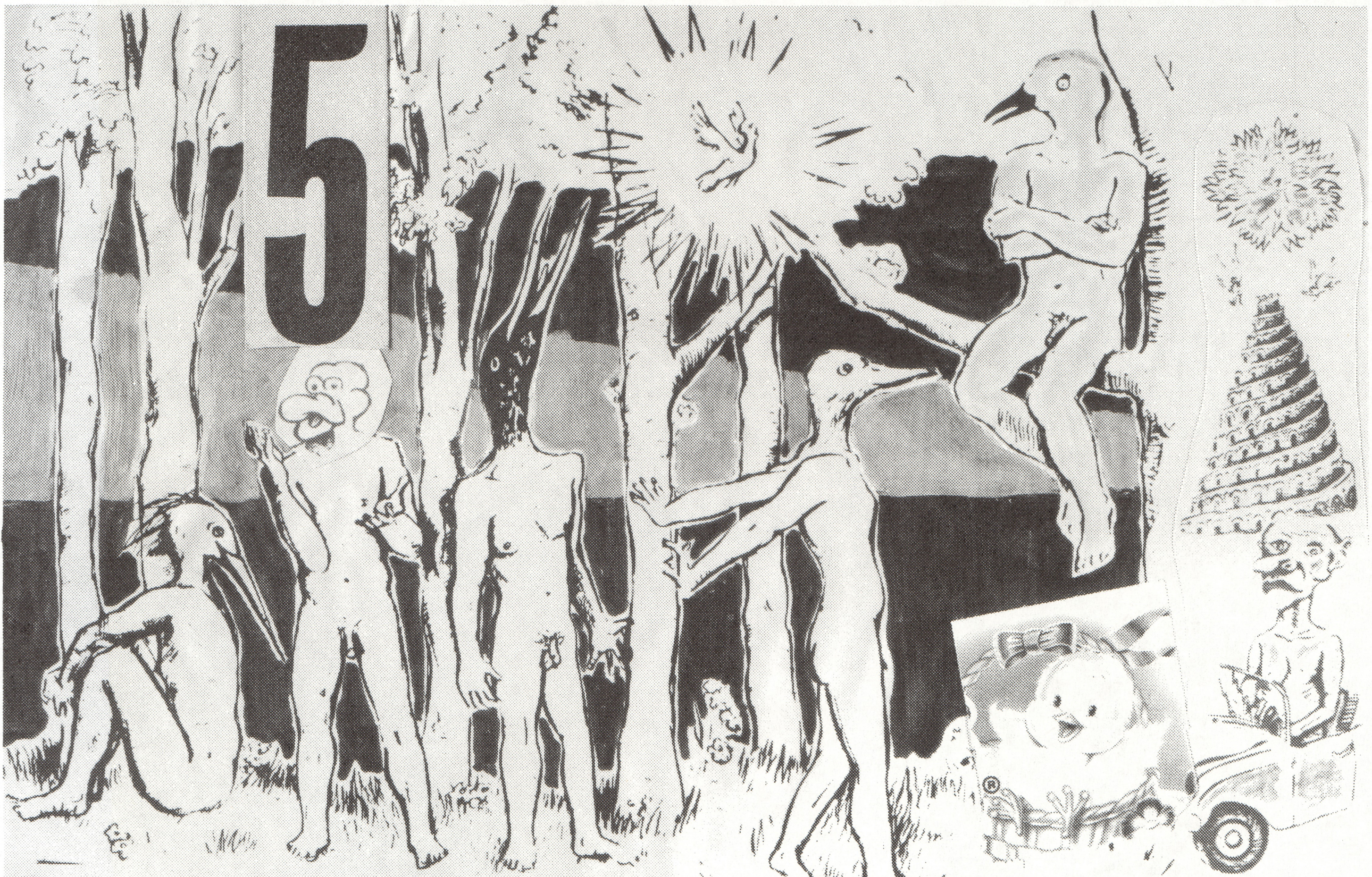
Stain: ***Do you work a lot with color lasers?***
Ed: Just color Xeroxed stuff. Some of it I draw by hand and Xerox it at different sizes in red or blue ink on different colored paper. Right now, I'm making postcards out of all of my stuff. I like the idea of postcards. I just redo all the drawings and make them smaller.

A lot of what I want to do is just abstract amounts of... I like the way the colors and the rhythms go, like Jackson Pollock. There's all this chaos, but it's actually very carefully constructed to make it seem that way. I'm a real good painter, but I'm just fed up. I don't have time. When I do paintings, I spend a year on one.

Stain: ***Do you paint in acrylic or oil?***
Ed: I paint in acrylic and Rustoleum.

At this point, Ed began to show Debbie and myself through his mightily impressive portfolio. The colors are just eye-popping. I think they translate well to black and white, but you really do have to see them in color. Whatever, just enjoy the artwork as we can afford to reproduce it on these next couple of pages...

Debbie and Ed



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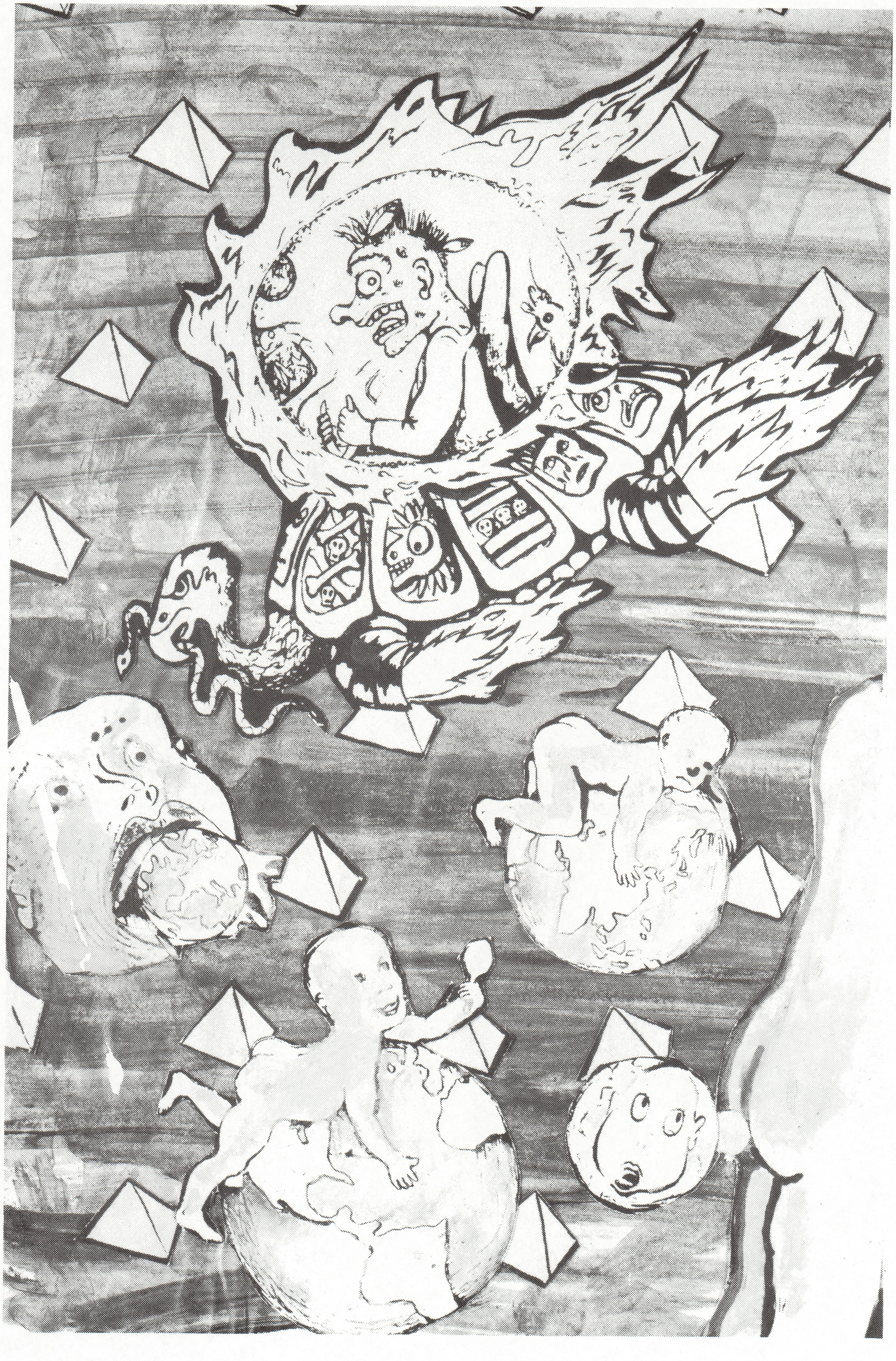

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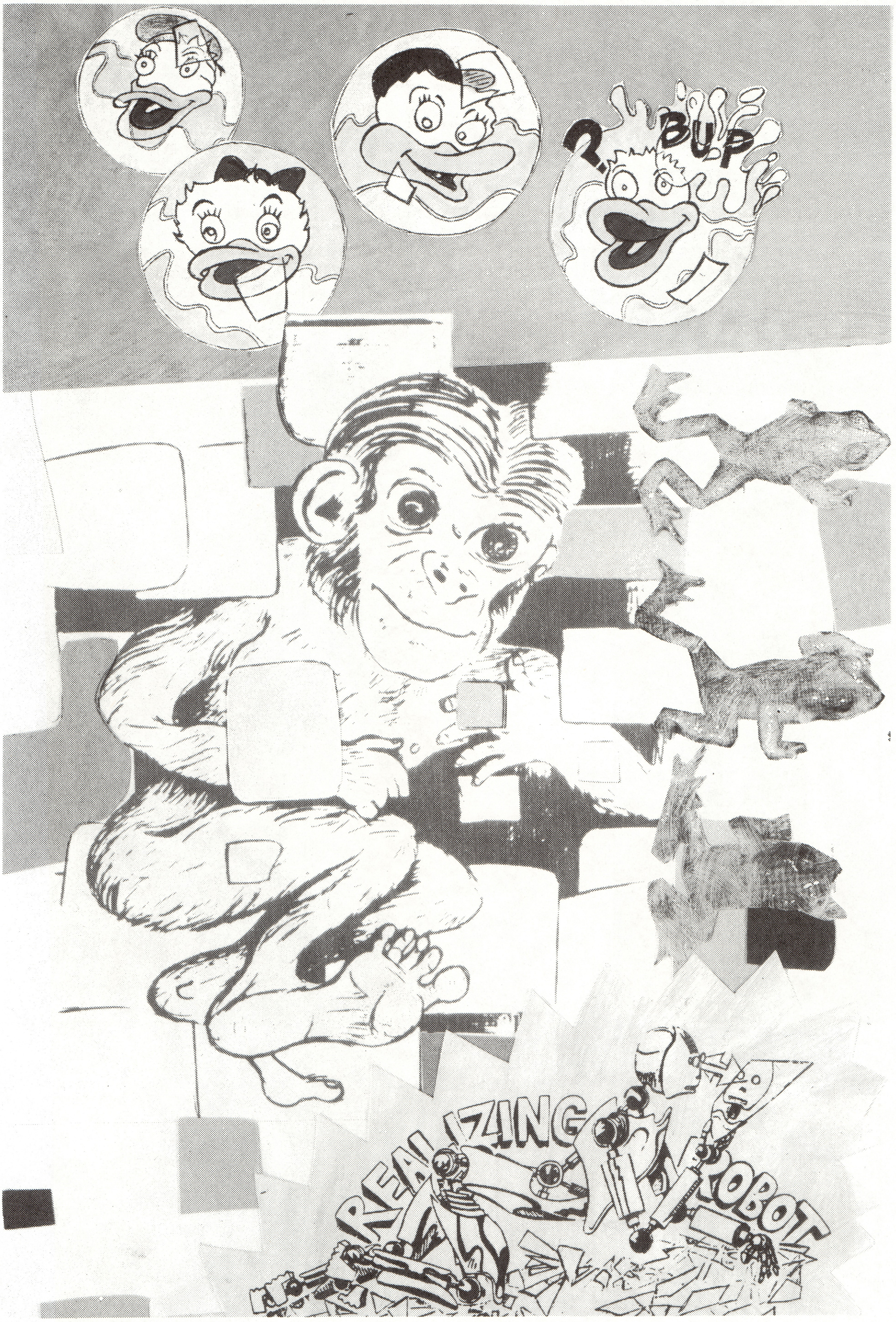
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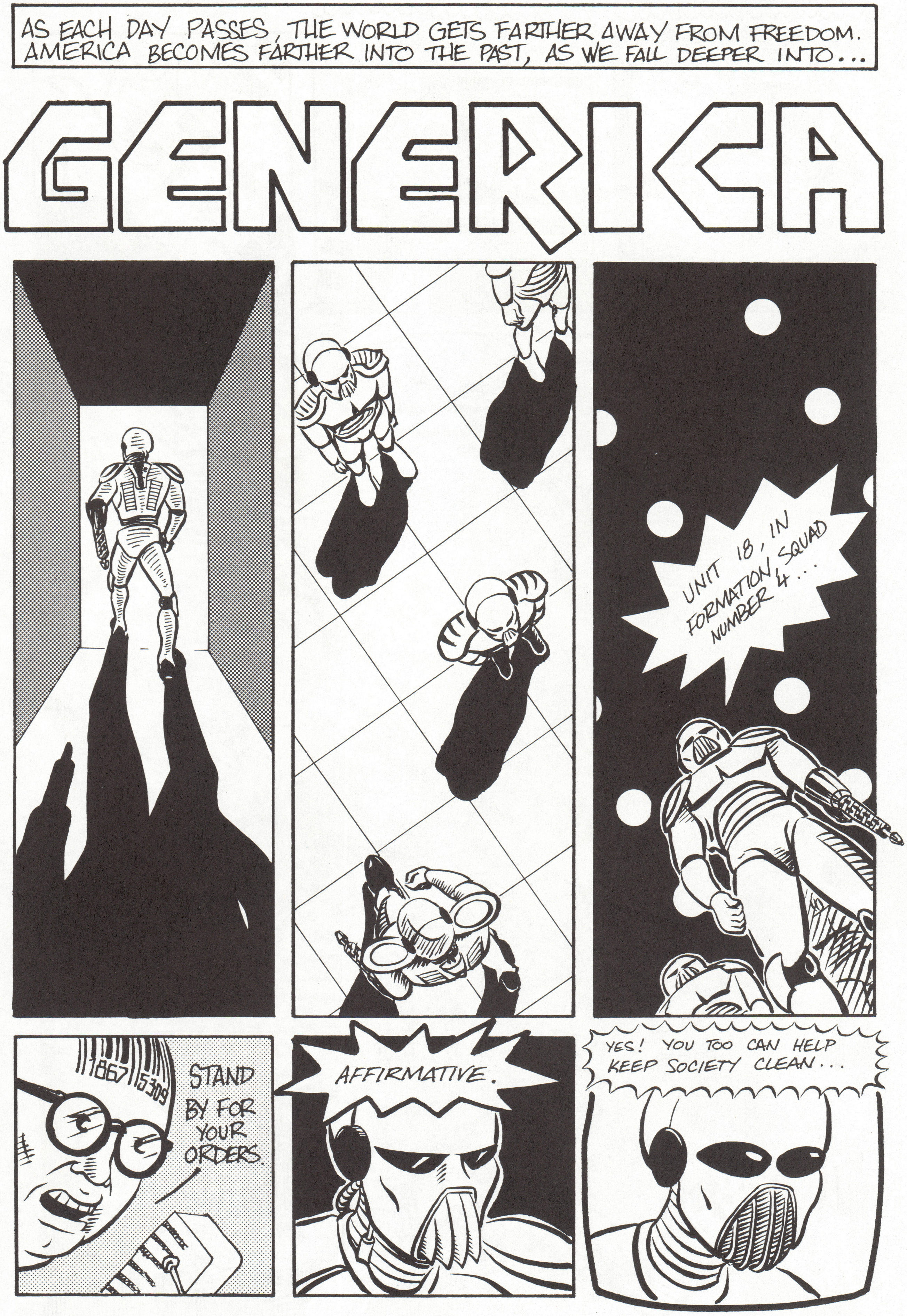
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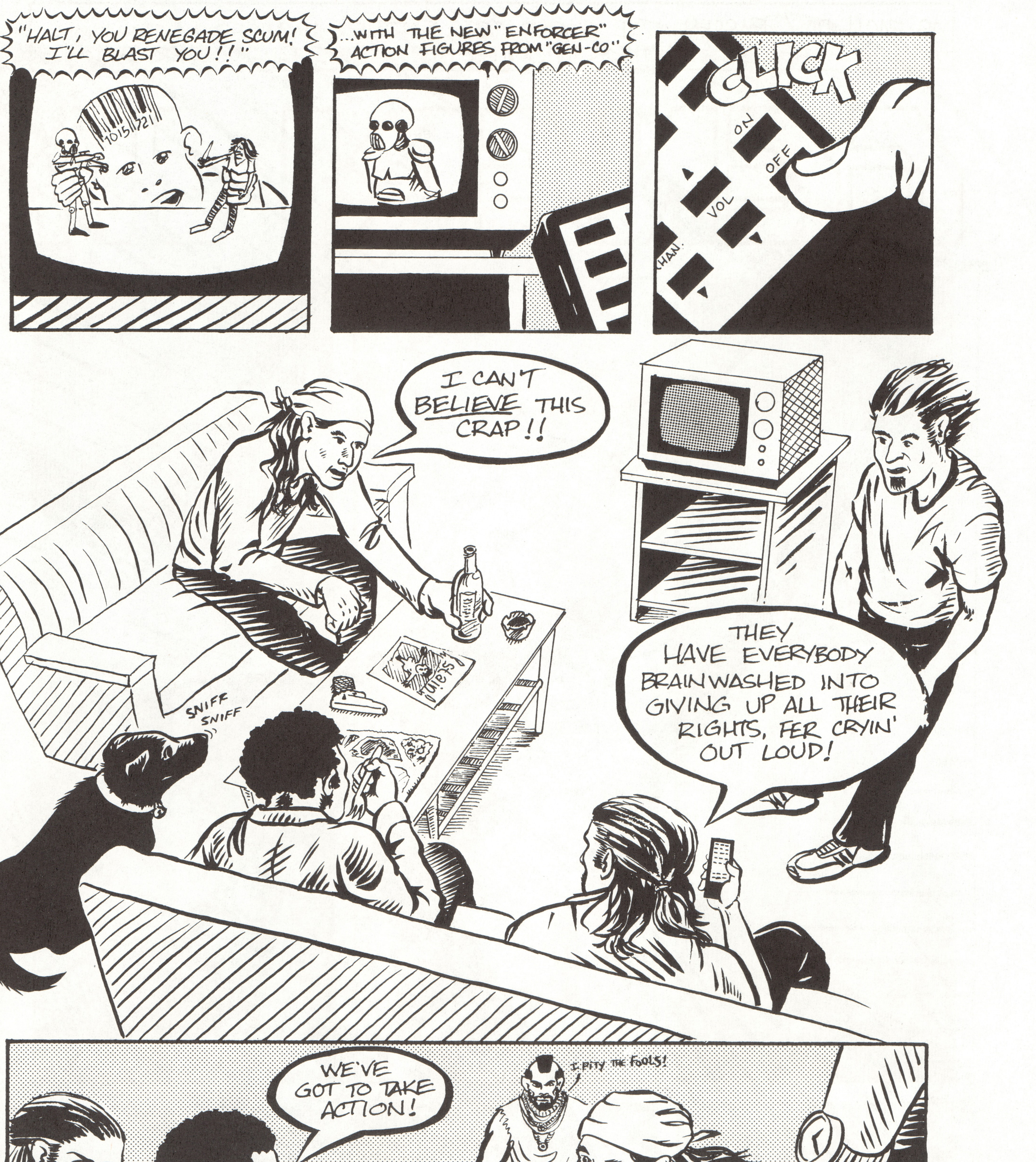
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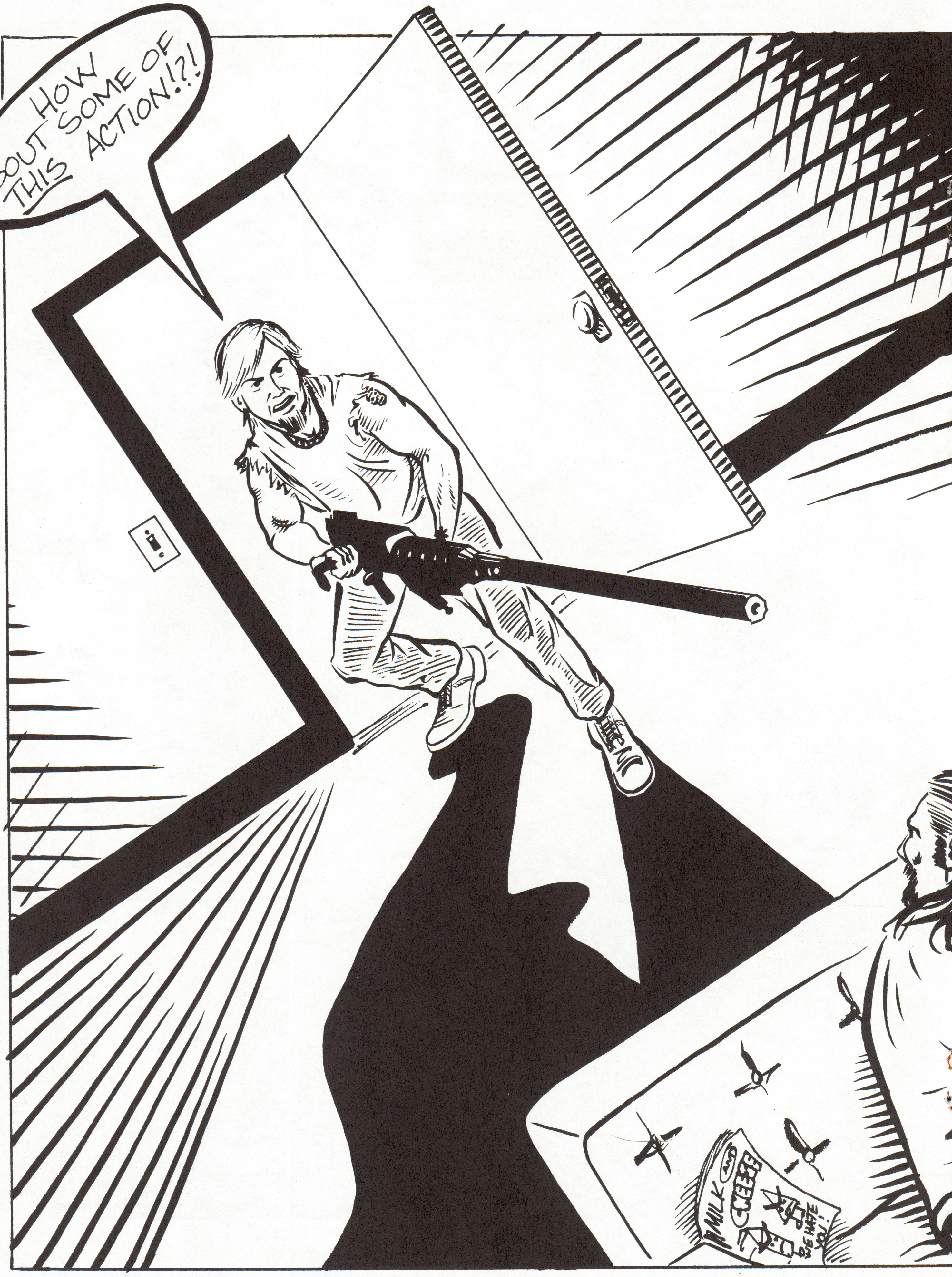
I PITY THE FOOLS!
XXX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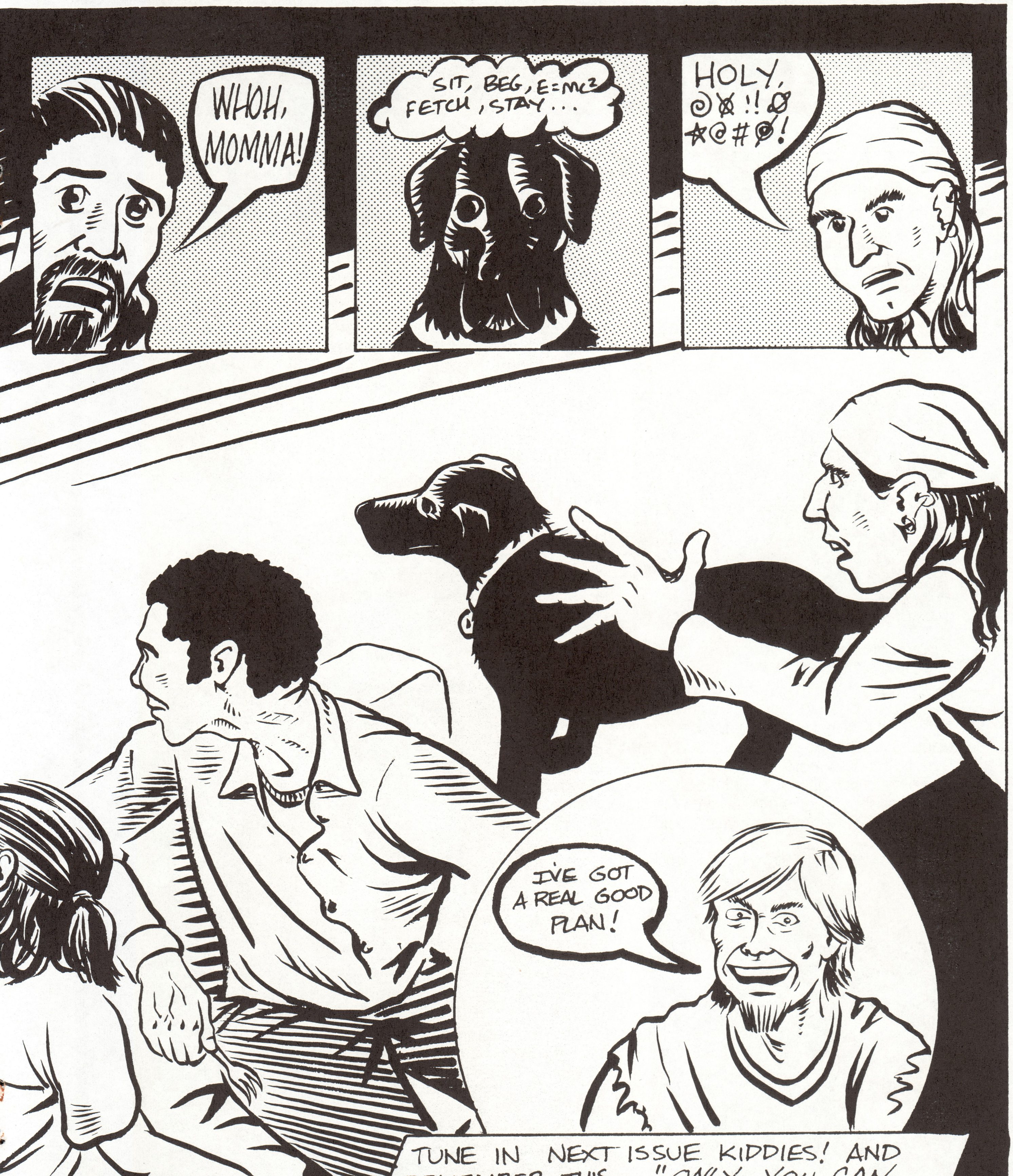
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Stain Benefit

The winter Stain Benefit was once again a success, and never would have made the grade without the help of Bryan Dilworth and the Khyber Pass, Sara Sherr at the Philadelphia Inquirer/Welcomat, all the record labels who partook in the indie flea market and everyone (we really mean it) who came out to help out, buy stuff, watch the music or perhaps just bond. But our undying gratitude goes forever to all of the bands; Illegitimate Sons and Daughters, Vick Logic, Caterpillar, Grubby, Aroma, Zonic Shockum and Zen Guerrilla, who freely gave their time and talent with so much enthusiasm and without retribution.

The benefit had an early start at 4:00 pm, with an all age show upstairs at the Khyber. Along with the showcase and dozens of bagels and cream cheese, various record labels set up tables to sell singles, albums, tee-shirts, you name it. Deadbeat, Siltbreeze, Simple Machine and Egg Yolk were some of the peddlers spicing up the event with tons of goodies. Carbon 14, plus a few last minute vendors buzzed in for a bit to unload a few 'zines and stuff before Illegitimate Sons and Daughters took the stage. I.S.A.D. plays original hillbilly music with heart and conviction. Between traditional, non-traditional and homemade instruments, I.S.A.D.'s music can make a square-dancing fool outta anyone. Violin plays king to a reverent banjo and mandolin, while an acoustic guitar and standup bass (constructed from a drum and bass neck), carries the ensemble. After I.S.A.D's foot-stomping performance, the sonorous 3 piece bevy, Vick Logic soothed the audience with placid compositions in coffeehouse style. The first time I saw this band was in the basement of a popular coffeehouse. I always thought the ambiance lent to their serene music of just bass, acoustic guitar and vocals. But Vick Logic's narcotic demeanor stays consistent with each song they write. Unfortunately, I had to leave their performance and base my report solely on the 4-track recording made that evening. Tape never lies.

Illegitimate Sons and Daughters

Vick Logic

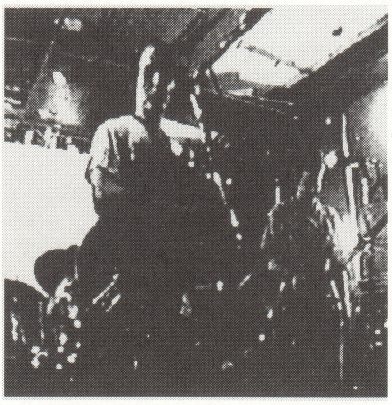
Caterpillar

Finishing off the all-age show, which seemed to be more of a 50/50 mix of under and over 21ers, Caterpillar left the audience speechless. One refined man approached me after the show and thanked me for the interview I did with Caterpillar in Stain #7. "Thank me... for what?" I questioned him. "I read the interview" he said, "and thought these guys are too good to be true, I had to see for myself. Well, you were right and I'm so glad I read the interview, otherwise I would have never had the opportunity to see them."

Need I say more?

Now that the first half of the benefit was winding down, we took some time to relax, refuel on a few pieces of 'good luck' cake (homemade & delivered by Ed Wilcox) and headed downstairs to the over 21 division of the benefit. The room was amazingly packed with some new faces and a few stragglers from the previous show. The first act to start the evening was the debut of Grubby. This 5 piece, girl pop, ball of confusion was a little green, but enjoying every minute of it. With an encouraging audience, Grubby kept their wits about themselves, even when they kept kicking out each other's guitar cables. If not for the eagle eye of a few musicians in the audience, they might have never made it through the 5 songs in their 30 minute slot. But as one spectator put it, "You couldn't help but enjoy them. I never saw so many smiles on the Khyber stage at one time." Lollipops and oven cooked daisies were heaved into the crowd, finishing up the first act. Next, power-trio nerve-pop kings, Aroma, gave a bewitching performance. Christmas lights, static televisions, strobe lights and plenty of incense made perfect enhancements to back up the skittish vocals and rhythm section. Aroma poured on the energy without slowing down and seemed to fascinate the massive drove of intoxicated fans. Zonic Shockum followed Aroma and kept the energy alive, despite their brief hiatus from playing clubs to write and record. And speaking for Z.S., I would just like to say that I am glad you didn't forget about us through the passing months of hibernation. To make a perfect end to a perfect evening, Zen Guerrilla galvanized a packed room with bolts of celluloid lightning to backdrop their thick, devilish music. The apocalyptic four, garbed in burning magenta tuxedo jackets barraged the house with their signature sound, making the audience more and more wired. I kept thinking 'and the poor doorman has to get these maniacs out to close up. This should be good.'

Grubby



Aroma

Zonic Shockum

Overall, I had a great time and I'm pretty sure, from what I've heard, everyone else did. Big thanks to all the photographers/videographers who contributed their stash for visual impact. I've gotten a few credit names, but did not want to risk getting the wrong name with the wrong photograph, since most of these images were captured from video. So thank you, Wendy Pace, Jay Cox, Sandra Trocki, Marcus and Mia. Once again, none of this could have happened without you, the readers, the doers, friends and strangers, who all have inspired the creation of this publication. You might not know it, but you do.

Zen Guerrilla

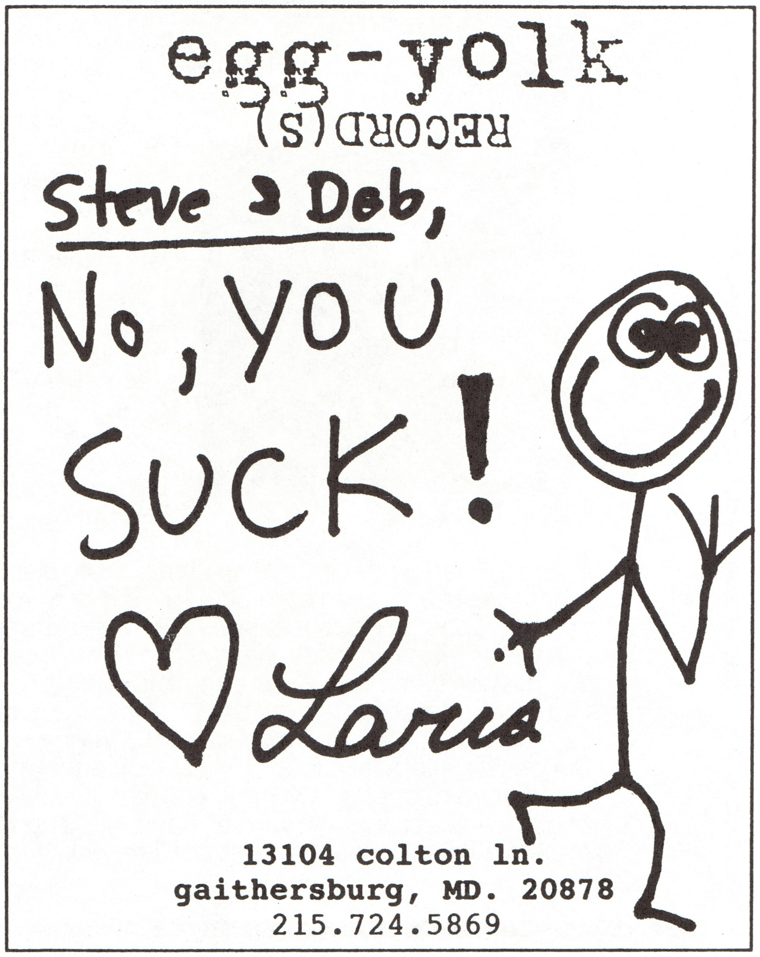
Bob Was Considered a Liability.

by Larry

When news of the death of original Replacements lead guitarist Bob Stinson hit the papers last week, I was momentarily bummed. Felt kinda bad for the guy, actually; especially considering that really depressing piece in SPIN (I think) a year or two back, that painted him as an essentially washed-up hack. It made him seem really pathetic. Being an alcoholic might be a fuck of a cross to bear (it's even a legitimate medical disease), but the comments of Paul "The Pussy" Westerberg ("We all knew it was coming but that doesn't soften the blow at all") are nothing short of the same facetious "let's still be nice to the poor guy" treatment Stinson received from the rest of the band after being fired once their careers got going. His departure also coincided with the rapid decline of the quality songwriting and accelerated the groups' demise. It's arguable their hearts were no longer in it after Tim, the last album to feature Stinson and the bands' first for Sire. Pleased To Meet Me was a last semi-decent attempt, which for the most part was sappy, and Don't Tell A Soul and All Shook Down were total garbage. The Replacements era ended in 1986, after they'd toured for Let It Be (one of the 10 best rock albums ever made) and released the cassette When The Shit Hits The Fans. That tape, which accurately depicted a typically drunken Replacements performance, was the last time the original foursome seemed to actually be having fun. Once the load of the majors was heaped on their shoulders, and a majority of their money spent on coke (according to numerous sources), Bob was considered a liability. His unpredictability, which was the only remaining spark from their Twin/Tone days, was too much of a threat to the band and he was unceremoniously given the boot. Retreating to Minneapolis, and never really leaving thereafter, Bob's life pretty much was a continuous downhill spin.

The live memories I have of the 'Mats are both from the Bob era. The first time, at Irvine Auditorium (U. of P.) in 1986, the entire band was blind drunk, flailing through the signature riffs of their favorite '70s rock songs. They tried to play some of their own stuff, but kept breaking down into Skynyrd covers. They were hilarious and awesome. About a year later I saw them at the old Ritz in New York, this time supporting Tim. There was no visible friction and everybody seemed to be making an effort to actually play the songs; although the influence exerted upon them from Sire to "clean up" was a pretty well-known fact at the time. They were finally beginning to get wild and look like their old selves when Bob tumbled off the stage mid-song and broke either his hand or wrist, thus stopping the show. Not great, but pretty cool nonetheless. Friends of mine continued to see the band post-Bob, but all fessed up to the fact it was not the same. They all echoed the sentiment it seemed more like Westerberg with a back-up band than the real thing.

A friend of mine once told me the 'Mats were the band that made rock and roll worth believing in again. To restore faith, simply listen to Let It Be. Then put on All Shook Down. Now sell it.



egg-yolk
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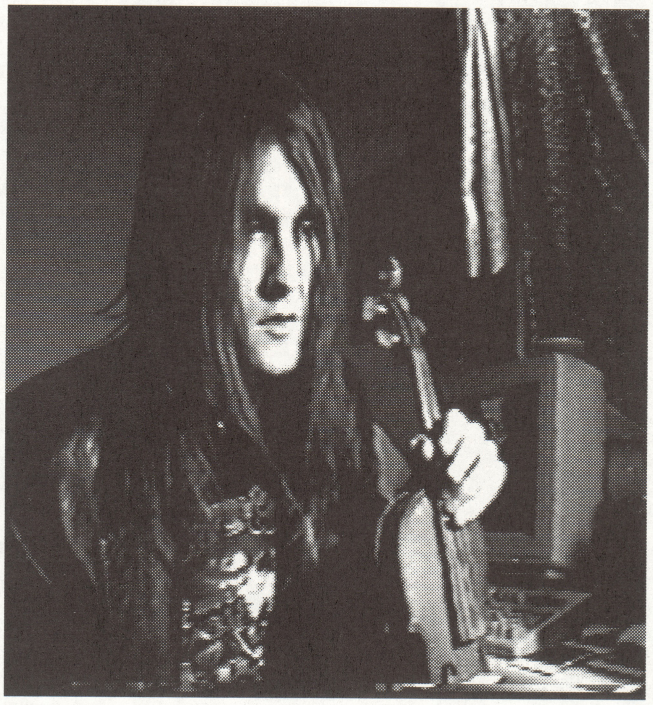
Interview, Neil Hagerty of: ROYAL TRUX

by Steve

Stain: ***So you live in a real rural part of Virginia now?***
Neil: More or less, we're not too far from D.C. and the suburbs really encroach on this area. It's like pre-suburban.

Stain: ***Just you and Jennifer live there?***
Neil: The rest of the band moved up here. They live down the road a piece. They got this little cabin on this big lake for super-cheap. Like three or four hundred for a lot of land. But everyone who comes out here has the same question - what do you do out here? Because there's just nothing... of course we practice and shit so it works out.



Stain: ***What else do you do?***
Neil: Watch TV, shit like that.

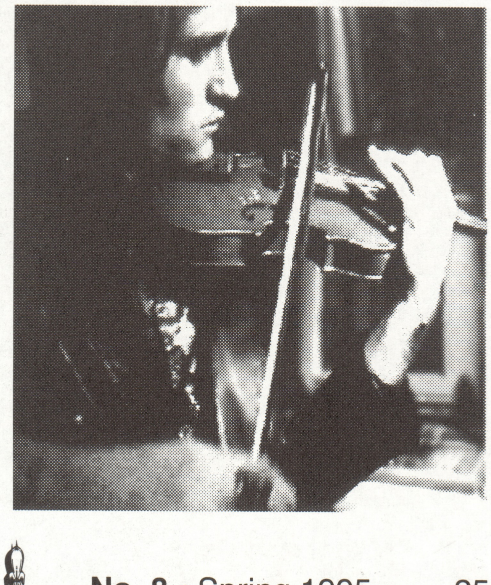
Stain: ***No outdoors stuff?***
Neil: No, I'm not really an outdoors person. It's kind of like when I lived in New York - I mostly just stayed inside anyway, so it's like living in an apartment. Some of the guys in the band like to go out hiking or rafting or shit like that, but we don't really do that.

Stain: ***Are the other guys friends of yours from Florida?***
Neil: They are now. We had this guy who was playing guitar for us two years ago and he was from Florida. We met him on tour and we just said hey, join the band. So he came up like a week later and he went on tour with us. He was on tour with us for about a year and then he decided he wanted to study classical Indian music. So he quit the band, but he turned us on to these other guys.

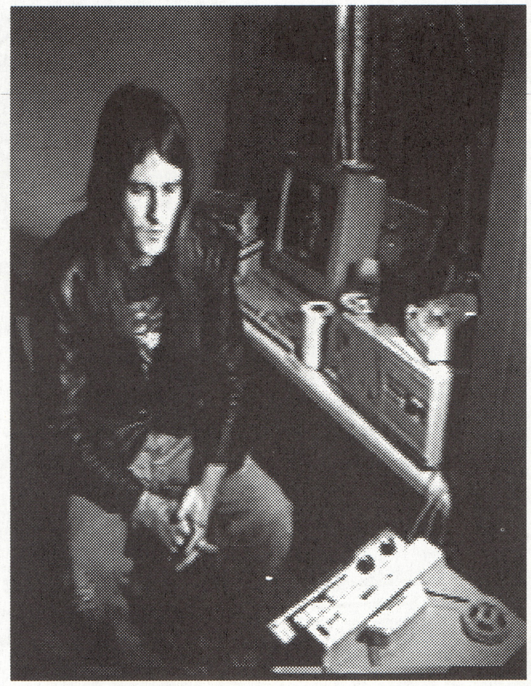
We were on tour last year, it was just me and Jennifer, and we used a lot of electronic stuff. We brought these two big sound system speakers and all this midi and electronic pumping sound and I played violin and electric guitar. So, we were on that tour and the record label came up and said we want you to do some shows in L.A. for the record company, and we need you to do it as a rock band. So we said ok, whatever, and we got these guys, that are in the band now, just to fly out cold and we just took our ex-guitar player's word for it. It was so fast. We did four shows together. A couple of them had bought our records in the past here and there, and a couple of them didn't know anything about it at all. It was really cool, we just went for it. They just happened to be real good.

The big test will be our tour. Everybody is pretty different. Certain people are closer I suppose, but the band doesn't really split into like Jennifer & me, and them. Everyone seems to have a different opinion. It works out good for them, I guess, because they'll get paid.

Stain: ***How long after you met them did you record "THANK YOU"?***
Neil: They moved up here and stayed with us for four or five months on and off and we just rehearsed. We didn't really know what we were going to do - overdub or multi-track or use session musicians. So we just kept rehearsing and we hooked up with the producer and it was his idea to do the album live. He had done a lot of work in the 70's and 80's and we assumed that he'd be like I have to hire these five assistant producers and let's do it on a hundred and

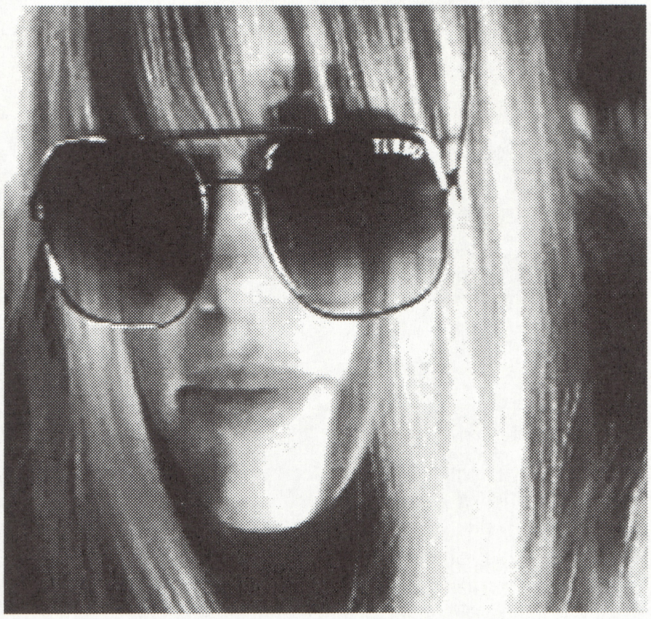


twelve track. As it turns out, he says “Let’s do it live.” We were like “ok”.



Stain: ***Did you have the intention of doing something more textural?***
Neil: Not so much textures as going through the process of spending the budget that they gave us. Doing something that is very much stereotypically associated with big corporate labels. We were going to write the songs and make them real straight forward from our point of view. Then take them in and put them through the process of like 70’s dinosaur-rock. He (David Brigg) has this thing he calls the “swim”, because when you close-mic, you loose all that air. I was just surprised. We just picked the right guy.

It’s better than any multi-track thing would have ended up being. There’s a lot of texture in there too that wouldn’t have happened. On ‘Ray-O-Vac” there’s this weird rattling sound on the intro. I had the guitar going through two amps and one amp was over close to the drums and it was rattling the snare, like “duh, duh, duh, duh, eeeiiiirrrrggggssshhh, and Briggs just kept turning that sound up. Lot’s of stuff like that happened and he was like “That’s the swim”.



Jennifer Herrema

Stain: ***Does Jennifer play any guitar on the album?***
Neil: No, she did a couple little things on the record like some talk-box stuff, but that’s the extent. She plays around the house and stuff, but she’s really been cocentrating on being the singer - working her voice. That works out fine because we don’t have to fight about overlapping stuff. She does her thing and I do mine.

Stain: ***Are you comfortable with playing in front of people?***
Neil: I just concentrate on playing. I don’t really pay attention to how I look, but I feel real comfortable. My image heroes are Jazz musicians like Thelonious Monk - he was just there. The act of playing itself was the performance. That was it. Jennifer is much more of a performer. Some times I wonder if I should be projecting more and I’ll say, well Jennifer will do enough for both of us. That’s her instrument - just a voice and this energy, and I try not to intervene with that too much. But, I’m not shy about playing in front of other people, I got no problem with that. I did that before I could really play well anyway.

Stain: ***When does the tour start?***
Neil: We’re going to do one show in the Philly/ Jersey/New York area in late February, then we’re going to go to England a week later. We’ll go to Europe for like three weeks, then we’ll come back. Then the real tour starts - like end of March. That’s really the only one that counts. Europe is to me... I guess I’ll go, but I can’t really predict... that they won’t even see you for who you are. It comes with all this baggage. I feel much more comfortable playing in America. At least here, if someone hates it, I’ll understand them. There, it’s like - we had a bad press agent.

Stain: ***Everyone has their own opinions of what and how much drugs ROYAL TRUX does for music or other reasons. Do you have anything to say about that?***
Neil: We don’t do any drugs now. I’ve been clean for three years. I take allergy medicine, I drink coffee, smoke cigarettes, aspirin, herbs, that kind of crap. Jennifer and I don’t anymore because... actually, I don’t know why, heh, heh.

Stain: ***Were drugs as much an influence on your early music as people would like to think they were?***
Neil: It’s weird because for us it’s delayed. The records are all about the last two years combined. We didn’t just get high and make something up on the spot. Nothing’s changed at all. We’ve been clean for the last four records now, so technically, only two records that we made have anything to do with drugs. Even though, we were not as fucked up at the time, those records were made more about the time between the records. They were the journal of that time. Drugs at that time were a huge part of our life, as much as eating was. Now that they’re not, we can look at it objectively after having some experience with it. It definitely warped our brains. Our records were more biographical, like this is your brain on drugs. Some of “TWIN INFINITIVES” was like that. The sad part is, of course, that it becomes part of the system. So people can just blow off each record as just a drug record. That’s fine though, that’s part of the problem of it and part of the thing that makes it something that you want to get into. It definitely can pull you out of any boring locked-in situation. Drugs can definitely shake you up, ya know. We just do different things now.

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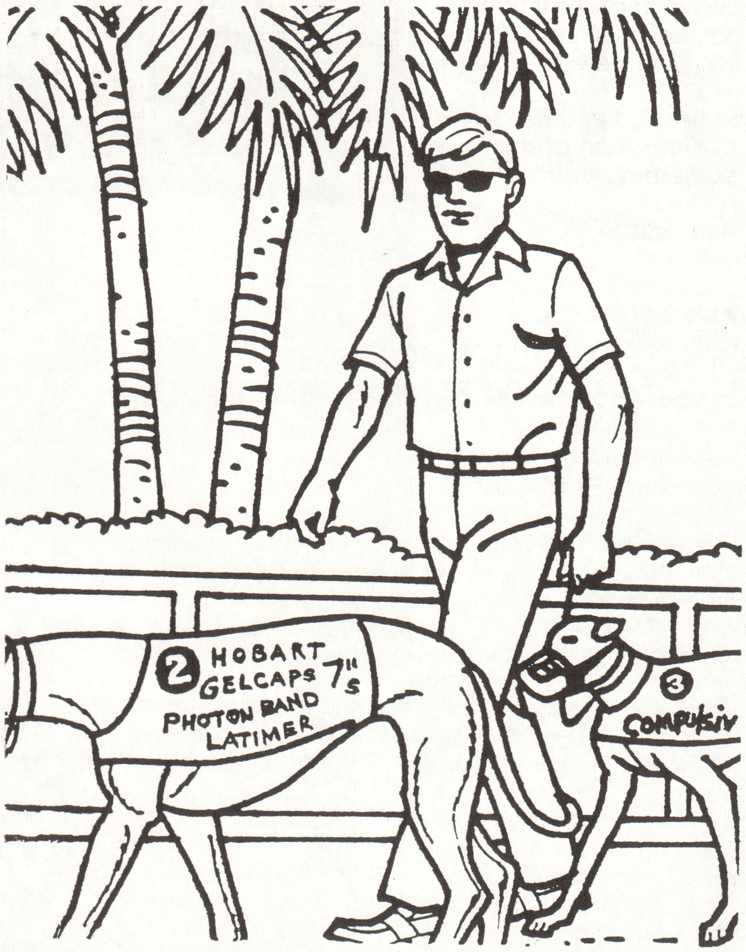
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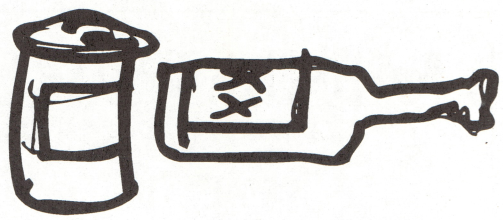


HELMET
GIRLS AGAINST BOYS
CASPAR BROTZMANN MASSAKER

Thursday December 15
Trocadero, Philadelphia

Caspar Brotzman Massaker, a pounding unrelenting orchestrated power trio. His songs are dissonant well arranged and build tension similar to some Scratch Acid songs. Were Jimi alive, he and his Band of Gypsies would approve. Caspar tapped the head stock, manipulated feedback and controls the guitar. Foetus would agree. 1200 Helmet fans might not. The 40 minute set contained five, maybe six songs, one or two bled into the next, barely drowning out some zealous booing and chants of you suck, play some "real guitar" from some redneck type Helmet fans who wished they were at a Biohazard concert. Every bar in Kensington and Port Richmond must have been empty. One guy nearby was still complaining well into Girls Against Boys. Hey asshole get over it and next time arrive late or research the opening acts. We enjoyed Caspar's set unlike the crowd around us. Amidst the cacophonous mix . . .uhh . . and stuff . . .ah none of the idiots at the show would understand anyway so forget it. Next up was Girls v/s Boys . At least the crowd liked these guys better, there was an instant pit created of little 16 year old boys with backwards baseball hats, beepers, Blunt logos, and Lolapalooza paraphernalia. You should get the picture. Girls v/s Boys were good but nothing to cop wood about. As we split, some asshole screamed "aren't you sticking around for Helmet?" to which we replied "fur shure doooooode!!!!!! just gonna get another brewski man !!!!!!!!!!!! be right back!!!!!!!!!!!!!".

Luc, Danny, Caspar and Bob swillin' at The Firenze.

We split, went over to the Fierenze and had a Pete's Winter brew and bitched about all the weenies back at the Troc . We were unable to enter the Trocadero with our camera but fortunately we crossed paths with Casper and Danny who walked in right after us. They looked pissed and tired and who could blame them. They were nice enough to pose for a couple of pictures which is a lot more than most people would have done! Bob attempted to ask a few questions but the language barrier was too great, seeing as they are from Hamburg, Germany. Caspar and Danny ordered whiskey on the rocks, we left them alone and fun was had by all.

bf/le

BARDO POND
BLUE

Tuesday, March 14th
Khyber Pass, Philadelphia

What a deal. Two of the absolute best bands from Philly performing together at the wonderfully low price of free. After all these years, BLUE sound way more dangerous than ever. Hard, messy, confident. Their sound is the kind of sound that forces you to take one step back from the stage and they were certainly pushing their speaker cones to the limit this time. I like how they always fuck up the ceilings at the clubs when they play with the headstocks of their guitars.

BARDO POND simply put me in trance (which is what they do best). This band has evolved into a monster. Mike and John have got to be the most mesmerizing guitar duo of modern history. Isabel continues to be barely awake and barely participating, while somehow adding a huge presence to the quintet. Take some advice and grab their records if you see them (maybe you can even help the band aquire one or two that they missed).

sa

JODIE FOSTER'S ARMY
BOUNCING SOULS
VIOLENT SOCIETY
NO ONE'S HERO
GUN FURY

Wednesday, January 4
Chameleon Club, Lancaster, PA

Anybody remember JODIE FOSTER'S ARMY? Yes, the band from those old Thrasher comps. Yes, they're still together, and they headlined a five-dollar five-band sold-out show at The Chameleon Club in Lancaster.

GUN FURY opened the show with a fast-paced, yet lengthy, set of by-the-numbers Epitaph Records punk.

NO ONE'S HERO worked the crowd to a frenzy, creating a chaotic atmosphere which caused the huge mosh pit to go totally apeshit. They did a brilliant set of high-powered original hardcore.

Next the '77-esque VIOLENT SOCIETY played a collection of new and old originals, all of which showed that the band must be working hard, practicing and getting tight. They were flawless, and put on a terrific show.

The BOUNCING SOULS, BYO Records' newest roster addition, had total control of the crowd. By this point, the club was packed to the point of making moving painful and next to impossible. Of course, this is when I get in a fistfight. THE SOULS were their usual selves, fast melodic and mesmerizing. They have one of the best live shows I've ever seen.

JFA came on and played a 20 minute set to a worn-out crowd. They were decent, but unable to follow up THE BOUNCING SOULS. The band forgot to bring their T-shirts and records with them on tour, which may be a clue why many of us hadn't heard from them since 1988.

am

AROMA
SWALLOW
HOBART

February 10, 1995
R.U.B.A. Hall, Philadelphia

Always a pleasure to attend a periodic gathering at The R.U.B.A. This one was a tape release party for the ultra-heavy SWALLOW. As always, there was food being served and Mike, the old Rumanian fellow who owns the hall seemed to be enjoying himself smiling and bobbing his head to the heaviest of music this night.

Unfortunately, we missed the first third of HOBART's set where good buddie J. Cox (who recently recorded all three bands at legendary Studio Red) sang a number, and Gary and Mack swapped guitar and bass duties. What I did get to hear was HOBART at their absolute best so far. Their sound resonated beautifully in the old room and Shane's vocals sounded the nicest I've heard them live so far.

SWALLOW played second and worked their dedicated psycho following to a mass of lunacy. Their friends mouthed every word to every song while knocking the front row of cafe tables back a few feet. Hard, powerful metal that sounded fresh in contrast to the other genres represented this evening.

Which brings me to AROMA. AROMA are confident, talented showmen who give 200% every time they play, be it for 10 people (like on a Monday night at Dobbs), or 150 people (like at our recent Stain benefit). Joe complained periodically of feedback from his hollow body/Ampeg setup, but I heard none. The band was as on as they ever were and kept the late night crowd's attention. A great ender to a night that left me not feeling disappointed for sacrificing the simultaneous SPECTRUM/BARDO POND show a half mile away.

sa

ORIGINAL SINS
JET SET
HOBART
BUBBA RHINESTONE

February 11, 1995
Frizz Warehouse, Philadelphia

Shane & Gary - HOBART

Occasionally Art, Simon, and Doug have these parties. They have their friends play. Their friends have great bands. This night we happened to miss BUBBA RHINESTONE (a ZEN GUERRILLA side project) and again happened in in the middle of another helluva HOBART set. This time I did get to see Mack and Gary swap instruments. The second band we saw was a band called the JET SET. Pretty interesting R&B by bald white guys in

The ORIGINAL SINS

suits from the Lehigh Valley that actually sounded very good in the room. Last was Bethlehem's ORIGINAL SINS who cleaned the place up with their smokin' set. Now that I think of it, the last time I saw The SINS was at The Frizz.

sa

TEMPLE OF BON MATIN
HOBART
ZONIC SHOCKUM
a band whose name I forgot
AROMA

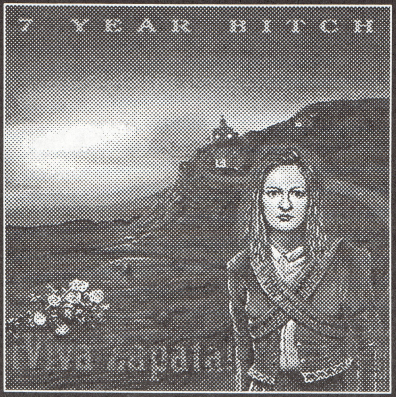
Milkbar Warehouse, Philadelphia
March 11th, 1995

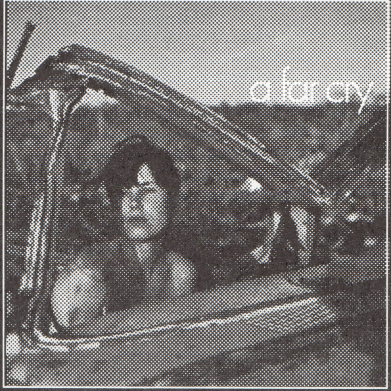
It's always a nice surprise when you go to play a show and, upon arriving, discover that three bands has now become five bands, and instead of midnight, you'll go on around 2:00 or 3:00. Originally billed as TEMPLE, ZONIC and HOBART, AROMA was accidentally invited, and the guys putting on the show had snuck their friends metal band on at the last moment. Poor TEMPLE who thought they were going to play around 11:00 didn't go on until close to 3:00 (by which time I regrettably had to withdraw).

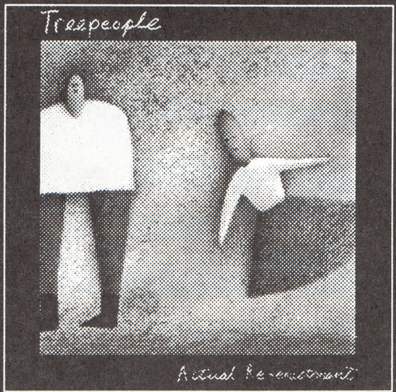
Regardless, AROMA were great as usual with all the trimmings of their home-grown light and smell show. The room seemed to pretty much clear out for the metal band that followed, but of course it started filling up again when our ZONIC SHOCKUM played (yeah right). I think we played alright, but Ned was very frustrated in his newly (and obviously incorrectly) repaired Sun bass cabinet. HOBART played next to a pretty full room (probably because they were dressed so sharp). Gary, Mack and Shane had the guitar dynamics working, though the vocal level from the PA was too quiet at first, and then too loud after it was adjusted. Didn't matter though, HOBART overcomes. Such a great night, I only wish I could have stayed for the TEMPLE (they always seem to get screwed like that).

sa

Excellence is rarely surpassed







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RECORDS, TAPES & CDs

5' 10"
"Rodney, Reggie, Emily" cd
Cargo
5' 10" is the incredible new band that features Kevin Seconds and SCRATCH ACID's Brent Spain with Allyson on backing vocals and guitar. No, there is no bass on the album, but 5' 10" recently added the bassist from TIGER TRAP.
Kevin's voice is still as incredible as it was ten years ago, while the songs are in the style of early LEMONHEADS, and possibly SUPERCHUNK or BUILT TO SPILL. This is a simple, solid indie rock album that fails to disappoint me. While 7 SECONDS will always be idolized, this album proves that Kevin Seconds has the talent to go beyond hardcore punk, unlike some of his peers.
am

AROMA
"Aromatic For The People"
cassette
self-release
In the past, I think I've ticked off singer/guitarist Joe Ujj for describing AROMA as power-folk superstars–but hey, that's what they are. AROMA are a (yet) unknown Philly trio that is destined for greatness. Every show a colossal party, every song a Westerbergish masterpiece. Joe's one of the best singer/songwriter types the City of Brotherly Angst has to offer right now. Five great songs on this cassette that defy description. AROMA: 1114 Spruce St., #1, Philadelphia, PA 19107.
sa

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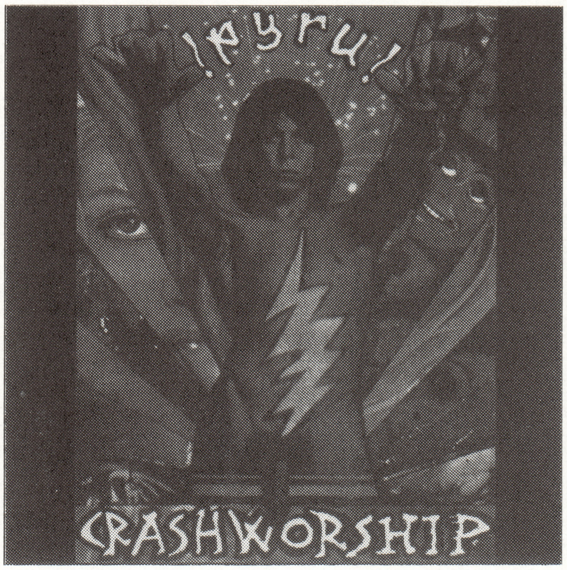
sa

BUTTERGLORY
"Crumble" lp
Merge
In a word–boring. Simple, simple little songs that really go nowhere. Besides being totally void of personality or dynamics, the vocals are a real chore to listen to. She lacks range and he lacks the ability to hit a single note. Any redeeming qualities? I do like the way the guitars were recorded and put into the mix. Not altogether rotten, but it's nothing I'd pursue.
sa

CATERPILLAR
Swim Away b/w Joslyn/Freeloading Freaks 7"
DeadBeat
Three new tracks from Phila's darlings – CATERPILLAR. 'Swim Away' is a straight ahead rock tune reminiscent of this band's early Compulsiv single. 'Joslyn' is a weird and quirky instrumental that's about a minute in length. And 'Freeloading Freaks...' is more in tune with other more recent releases. Wonderful lyrics excerpted from "Hamlet Ponders As He Wanders" and a jazzy guitar duel on 'Freaks' that makes me think live Grateful Dead. Check out the entire DeadBeat catalog for other Philadelphia releases of the same caliber.
sa

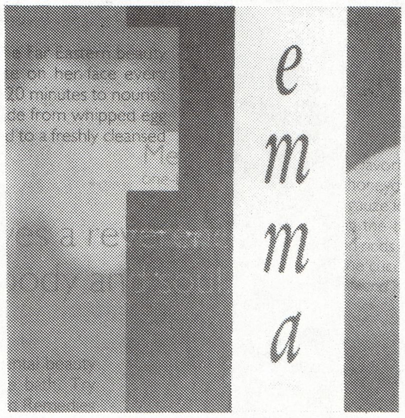
CHICO DIAMOND
self-released cassette
CHICO DIAMOND is attitude deluxe! Bluesey, groovin' guitar riffs and shakers keep one foot a tappin' for the whole listen. There are five new songs here including their great cover of ZZ TOP's 'Gimme All Your Lovin', but my absolute favorite is buried all alone on the B-side of my hand-made tape. 'Black Penny' to me is the meanest and most naturally energetic song included. It also seems to incorporate and succeed utilizing the best elements of the four accompanying songs.
sa

COUCH
"This Life Sucks" 7" ep
Lookout
Far more interesting than most of what Lookout!'s been circulating lately (or is that just the "ambiance" added by my shitty, old, cheap turntable). No it's good, it's real fucking good. Simple, bland, fresh and good. A perfect use of the 7" medium. Go this way...
sa

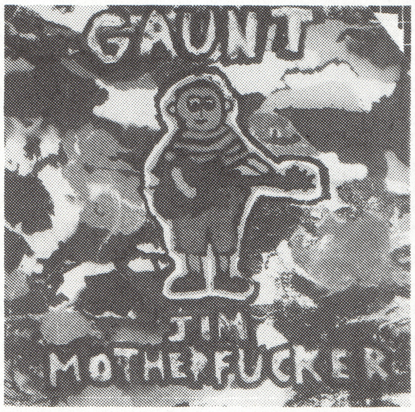


CRASH WORSHIP
"!Pyru! 7"
Charnel House
A band that I will forever be sorry that I missed this year at the Fake House. I was told to go, and I wouldn't be sorry, and apparently, by the way people still talk about it, it was an unforgettable show. Their sound on this single is a huge electronic, tribal animal built on bottomy drum poundings, repetitive loops, organs, samples, souls and god knows what else. It whooshes and swirls, grows and swells the way this type of music should. Nice protrusion on the cover boy as well.
sa

CROWSDELL
Sugarcoated b/w Trunk 7"
Big Cat
The fuzzy dust-pink vinyl alone is enough to make you want to own this record, it's something to pass down from generation to generation. Not only does the record itself look warm and cozy, it sounds that way too. The two tracks on this 7" from New York's CROWSDELL are quite different, but equally as interesting. 'Sugarcoated' is a fuzzed-out pop song with very original changes, it's definitely something for the masses. 'Trunk', the B-side, is a raw one-guitar, one-voice track that shows their diversity. This three-piece band could be really big if people had access to them.
ju



CUB
"Come Out, Come Out" cd
Mint Records
Thirteen snazzy songs from what seems like three pretty busy girls from CANADA. By their extensive list of credits, I can tell that CUB knows a lot of people in the right places in the indie world. Whatever. I know this happy-go-lucky cd is going to be liked because it's so cute and friendly. They even have a name for it - cuddlecore. I guess I just wished they'd spent more time figuring out better songs rather than thinking about that cuddly CUB image.
ju



DEVILHEAD
"Your Ice Cream's Dirty" lp
Loosegroove
What the hell is going on here? Even with the two or three secret tracks at the end of this cd from this Seattle band, I couldn't find one listenable song out of twelve. Not one, all I kept finding was this guy who talks about the dumbest crap I've ever heard. Brian Wood, I think you need to open up your door and go outside sometime because you obviously don't know anything about people. If you did, you'd know that no one could take this kind of shitty music seriously.
ju

DUOCHROME
"Neon Ground Effects" 7"
DaDa
I can't stop listening to this record. This New Brunswick band knows what they're doing. On this 3-song 7", they have varying, catchy hooks that stick in your head. 'SAP' and 'Screws' are my favorites. Eerie mellow parts to flanged-out heavy guitar noises that are the best I've heard in a while. I hope DUOCHROME puts something extensive out soon because I'm itching for more. The lyrics are very confident but yet friendly in a suicidal friend sort of way. I can't say enough about their intense bass and guitar sounds that travel in and out of this record. Just sit back and get tranquil with DUOCHROME's mellow side and then be ready to start tripping out to those crazy, fuzzed-out guitars.
ju

HONCHO OVERLOAD
POUR ANOTHER DRINK

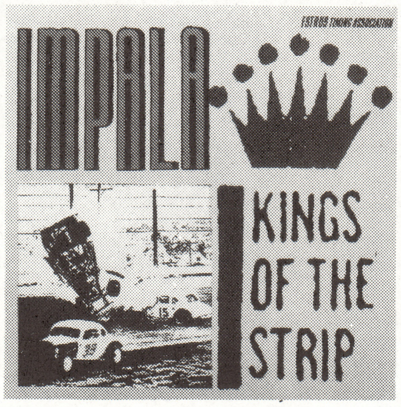
EMMA
untitled double-7"
Compulsiv
Alright, so I've got to admit a few things. EMMA's practice space and ours are separated only by a huge window, so I'm always looking at their mugs (well, until Kathy recently hung a curtain) and hearing their muffled set. Second, it's no secret about my romantic love affair with their suave label prez (huh?). Third, I've known... awl forget it–our paths cross all over this teeny little music community. None of that silly shit prepared me for the quality of tone, songwriting and musicianship featured on this double 7" pack. 'Blue Girl' is awesome, so rich, and just try not to fall in love with 'Losing'. 'Plent D Street' is somber and moving, and 'Younger' sounds so sweet it could've been sung by David Cassidy. I'm just glad there were two records because one just wouldn't have been enough.
sa

FROZEN FIELDS
self-titled demo cassette
The FROZEN FIELDS' demo tape is a terrific representation of a young band with an incredible amount of potential. It is amazing how much atmosphere this three-piece can make, cranking out epic songs over five minutes in length seem to short. Their sense of dynamics and structuring is terrific, and has not been since the last of the great British bands like THE SMITHS, ECHO and the BUNNYMEN, even ELVIS COSTELLO and the ATTRACTIONS. Find this tape any way possible. FROZEN FIELDS: Rd 2, Box 111C, Mertztown, PA 19539.
am

GAUNT
Jim Motherfucker/Spine 7"
Get Hip
'Jim Motherfucker' sounds like THE STOOGES meet KITSCHCHAO. A beautiful combination for sure. Muffled vocals recorded way too hot with manic, fuzzy simple seventies guitar slaying laid over a solid-as-a-rock rhythm section. 'Spine' offers the same sound with a more bluesey-pop edge to the track and seems to go on a little too long. Love the overall sound, you probably will too.
sa

HONCHO OVERLOAD
"Pour Another Drink" lp
Mud Records
Heavy guitar sounds abound on this nine song cd. HONCHO OVERLOAD shows their versatility of songwriting throughout these songs that all build up into big payoffs that are worth waiting for. The opening tracks really grabbed my attention and kept me wanting more when it was over. This four piece band from Illinois was a pleasure to listen to and would be incredible live (eds note: they are). Keep on krunchin.
ju

IMPALA
"Kings Of The Strip" ep
Estrus
Beautiful, sweet hollow-bodies cutting through the swanky sax riffs and an eerie rhythm section at your disposal for a half an hour anytime you drop the needle into the grooves is the reason you should run out right now and pick up this new 10" while you can. Eloquently recorded instrumentals that make you want to close your eyes and go with the music.
sa



JACK-O-NUTS
"Pissland" 7" ep
Mind of a Child Records
Fuck yeah, Laura gets my vote for hardest-working rocker of the year. I saw them twice in Philly this year. The second time she had the flu and vomited quarts (I counted six separate lovely occasions–really!) during the NUTS' 35-minute set, and guess what, they still delivered. Three songs on this seven incher. The opener is a great instrumental titled 'Terminating The Elder" that pushes the old Hagstroms to the edge. "History of Eater" is insane high-speed wizardry. When their liner notes claim that they recorded this thing under the influence of moonshine and morphine, I believe them. "True Romance at the World's Fair" is slower and melodic with male vox and shows a more radio friendly side of the band that is just as fucking good as the instrumental and the fast, crazy song that Laura sings.
sa

LATIMER
"World's Portable" cd/ep
World Domination
Latimer is loud and thunderous. A storm of devious guitars rage through bolts of mind-trancing vocals, opening with 'Carolida'. Although, no other song title could better describe this band than 'Good for Motion', coarse energy circulates throughout all 5 tracks of utter bliss. This ep embodies the beautiful purity of a skillful 8-track recording and has captured every sound and sensation you would imagine in a live performance.
dp

LENOLA
"Colonial 509" 7"
Tappersize Records
Real cool lo-fi East Coast weird-pop recordings. Far better than the standard offering. Touches of eighties electro-wave under unique vocal/off-beat guitar melodies. A very nice warping of sounds. Two songs as fun as they are long. They also sent me a tape of some real great 4-track stuff that had even more attitude and playfulness.
sa

MARY BEATS JANE
self-titled cd
DGC
Awl man... this sucks. Just allow me to list a couple of the song titles, and while you read them, maybe you can try to picture that stock footage of Beavis and Butthead banging their heads while waving that two-fingered devil sign over their heads: 'Neighborhood Psycho', 'War On Society', 'I Don't Care', 'Porno' and so on and so forth. Get the idea? Pretty stinky.
sa

MASSEY FERGUSON
"Smoothly Tilted" 7'
Schneider
This is hard, sloppy punk rock. Loud and dangerous and recorded like shit. If you hate 120 minutes, you'll love this.
sa

MONSTER MAGNET
"Dopes To Infinity" lp
A&M
I think MONSTER MAGNET has finally made the album they intended to make with "Superjudge". These songs just seem more like the logical step in the progression and that lump of poop in between never existed. This 60+ minute trip through the screwier side of MAGNET never gets boring (like the last ten minutes of 'Tab'). Look out for this album to rebirth the popularity of a band that I had almost given up hope on. I wish I could get Wyndorf to produce our album.
sa

NIMROD
"The Mighty Hunter" cd
Scratch
Now this is great fucking shit, and if you don't believe me, just ask Karl from G.K.E. Lots of real creepy, noisy, grinding crud. Experimentation in song structures with screeching, distortion, guitars and screaming from Japan. A real swell buy.
sa

LENOLA
OUT NOW! LENOLA DEBUT 7"
"COLONIAL 509" 7"EP
$3.50 PPD MAIL ORDER
ALSO OUT SOON- LENOLA
"OH YES, JEEP IS GOOD" 7" EP
Tappersize RECORDS
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PALENTINE
"File .004" 7"
Park Royal Mrg. Co.
Great lo-fi, hard-rockin' insanity. A 3-piece from the beautiful city of Baltimore. Interesting arrangements–the singer reminds me of DERELICT's Scott Slagel. 'Internet' is the stand-out, showing their skills in restraint, crescendo and repetition. A beautiful hand silk-screened, hand-assembled package and a good twelve plus minutes of music = a lot of fun.
sa

PANSY DIVISION
"Pile Up" cd
Lookout!
This album is love at first listen. "Pile Up" is a collection of singles, compilation cuts and rare tracks, vibrant in sound and style. Guitarist, Jon Ginoli and Chris Freeman on bass, trade off bright vocals and jangly rhythms to wonderful stories of the ups and downs of homosexuality. The sound reminds me of the Partridge Family meets the Dead Milkmen playing gay love songs together. Anyone who takes a spin through the inner sleeve will love the lyrics. What's great is the emotion, humor and sincerity of the music. My favorite, 'Denny (naked)' is ironically upbeat to a depressing theme, which left me feeling uneasy, appropriately followed by Lou Reed's 'Femme Fatale', which also brings thoughts of death, self-destruction and misunderstanding. Although, most of this great album will make you smile. Just take a listen to their version of Liz Phair's 'Flower'. It's much more convincing.
dp

PANSY DIVISION
pile up

PLUMBING
3-song 7"
Papa Popov records
A great, twangy Philly punk band fronted by now-defunct MONKEY 101's Paul K. 'The Deadbeat Boogie' will burn itself into your head. 'Half-Eaten' and 'Coordinated' are less memorable and intense, but have a different sense of charm and appeal all their own. Three good songs that sound like two different bands, but that ain't necessarily a bad thing.
sa

POLARA
"Monongahela" 7"
Generator
POLARA's got a guy in a space suit on the cover. That's cause that's how they make you feel. Real Ground Control to Major T.Rex on acid with acoustics and electronic noises and shit. 'Puffy (Buzzcrusher '95)' makes me feel like I'm falling asleep in the back row of the State Theater after a good B&W. 'Attrition' starts out with the same "spacey" tone but throws in a made for radio hook that takes me momentarily out of an otherwise good daydream.
sa

POLARA
POLA
Monongahela

POOR LUTHER'S BONES
Self-titled 7"
POOR LUTHER'S BONES, a band from Kutztown, PA, have created an incredible 4-song 7 inch. This band is like no other I've ever heard. No matter what genre you would care to tag them, be it indie-rock, garage, surf, even ragtime, this group is still too clever for any classification. The band is dead-on tight and their melodies are unbeatable.
POOR LUTHER'S BONES: 47 Sally Ann Furnace Rd.,
Mertztown, PA 19539.
am

RANCID VAT
ICONOCLASTIC ICONS

RANCID VAT
"Iconoclastic Icons" cd
Baloney Shrapnel
This is about as good as 100% American redneck art/noise gets folks. Packed with 16 songs full of humor and hate. I couldn't be more proud that I've recently acquired a new neighbor in R.V.'s Phil "Whiskey Rebel" Irwin who recently relocated from Oregon to about a block from the Stain headquarters. (South Philly ain't ready for this.) Apparently, this album chronicles a large span of time in the VAT's career and will definitely be played at our house until the little silicon disc wrinkles and cries in pain. Thank god we finally got some respectable scum-rock in this yankee white-trash East coast void. Cool pictures of Jerry "The King" Lawler and F. Bell's hero, G. Gordon Liddy, not to mention a foreword by Jim Goad, decorate this package beautifully.
sa

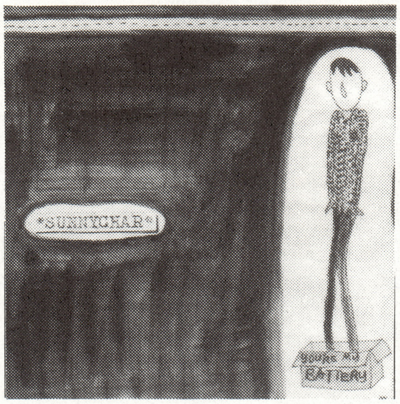
SHUDDER TO THINK
"Pony Express Record" cd
Epic
Let's assume that PINK FLOYD is dead. Many people will tell you the heir to their throne is THE VERVE. Well, I claim that THE VERVE are the later, in my opinion, shittier era of PINK FLOYD as I think SHUDDER TO THINK is the early, Syd Barrett era of FLOYD. Once again, VERVE is to lame, older FLOYD as SHUDDER TO THINK is to early, experimental FLOYD. While this is not the coming of age record for this band, there has been obvious improvement, and my guess is SHUDDER TO THINK will soon be playing stadiums full of drugged out kids proudly waving lighters in the air. And how many of these kids will remember Ian Mackaye and Dischord Records? Who the fuck cares? SHUDDER TO THINK has grown past the bullshit pigeonholing of punk rock.
am

STRAPPING FIELDHANDS
"In The Pineys" 10"
Siltbreeze
Six songs recorded on three tracks. A package that pays homage to the New Jersey Pine Barrens and the mysteries that lie therein. I still owe drummer Jeff Werner a t-shirt for this copy that I was thankful to receive. Anyway, I really loved 'Ussysses', but I had a fuck of a time figuring out which of the other songs were which except for the happening version of 'Lay Down' and it's subsequent reprise. I don't know how they manage to get all that stuff on those three crude little tracks. We managed to squeeze (and I mean squeeze) into The Khyber for a few songs the other night only to be assured once again that they absolutely deliver live as well.
sa

SUNNYCHAIR

"You're My Battery" 7"
Shredder

Happy, peppy Sesame Streetish punk melodies from Japan. Could be theme music to a Sid and Marty Croft supershow. One of the four songs is a somewhat bluesey cover of Yoko Ono's 'Sisters O Sisters'. 'La-vi La-vi' sounds like something right out of AMERICAN GRAFFITI. Real energetic stuff that would probably be a good natural way to get your blood pumpin' before leaving the house. I think it's just great.
sa



THE CRAMPS

"Flame Job" cd
Medicine Label

New CRAMPS. New CRAMPS is old CRAMPS, it's what you should expect since it's what you've gotten for fifteen years. THE CRAMPS are the best at what they do, and this album shows no sign of altering their sound or style. If you live in a cave, THE CRAMPS are simply the most awesome rockabilly freakshow ever to invade the planet. I'll leave it at that. You owe it to yourself to listen to this record.
am

THE DENISON/KIMBALL TRIO

"Walls In The City" cd
Skin Graft

First of all... DENISON/KIMBALL TRIO is a duo. We have an ex-MULE/LAUGHING HYENAS drummer–James Kimball, and a current JESUS LIZARD guitarist–Duane Denison. Together they concoct an eerie, swanky jazz/lounge kind of thing. Relaxing and interesting to say the least. Duane's skills as a guitarist shine through here a little more brilliantly than with that super-rock band (minus the hooks).
sa

THE DENISON/KIMBALL TRIO
DKT
DKT
Plays the music of Walls In The City

THE GALAXY TRIO

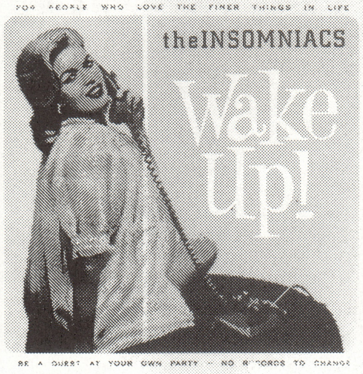
"Saucers Over Vegas" cd
Estrus

Some more sly, grooving, reverb-soaked rock instrumentals for grown up punk rock drunks from the mighty Estrus label. Beautiful guitar tremolo maneuvers augment rolling drums that together, with fat bottom-end accompaniment, create a blissful audio experience. No-bones music that must be a pleasure to experience live–which is how this ep was recorded–live to 2-track. Also available on 10" vinyl.
sa

THE INSOMNIACS

"Wake Up!" lp
Estrus

This lp is comprised of THE INSOMNIACS' amazing 10" from last year plus a handful of 7"s. Their flavor is a little more pop than most Estrus, but it is pure and simple, no bones R&R baladeering recorded squeeky-clean to be played extra loud. If THE BLACK CROWS were real men, they might sound more like this. Sweet, catchy rock - minus the cock.
sa


FOR PEOPLE WHO LOVE THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE
theINSOMNIACS
Wake Up!
BE A GUEST AT YOUR OWN PARTY – NO RECORDS TO CHANGE

THE MEATMEN

"College Radio Looser" 7"
Meat King Records

Man, if you can get through side A without pissing yourself, you'd better not flip it over right away. THE MEN are back with a totally hilarious self-released single that previews four songs from the new cd. Would you believe that there are even Tesco and MEATMEN 800 numbers? The absolute highlight of this 7" has got to be Tesco's 'Sex Mart 2000' (from Pamona, NJ) spoof radio ad. There's also a re-release of the classic 'We're The Meatmen! (And You Suck)' from the now out of print "Toilet Slave" lp. They're back, and this time I think Tesco's million $ charisma is going to attract a lot of attention.
sa

SINISTER SIX

"Pain in my head" b/w "I can only give you everything" 7"
Get Hip

It's hard to keep track of all the music that passes through our fingers. I never know what came from where and how long ago. But we trudge on nonetheless to the the unreviewed pile. This single by Sinister Six is about 2 years old, but the timeless retro-psychedelia mixed with sassy punk attitude brings forth a powerful piece of vinyl. Recorded at Egg Studio, Sinister Six has captured a warm tone to compliment their stylish tunes. I apologize for not reviewing this single sooner, but it can surely stand the test of time.
dp

TROUSER

"Drag" b/w "Slug" 7"
Shimmy Disc

This single starts with the dramatic, superfluous 'Drag'. My first thought is SOUNDGARDEN meets IRON MAIDEN, which might be redundant but I'm sure you know what I mean. With precise, driven, 3-chord changes and bursts of falsetto howls, my thoughts are later confirmed with the flipside 'Slug'. Produced by Kramer, this single is much more rock and strays far from the company Shimmy Disc usually keeps.
dp

TILTWHEEL...

3-song 7"
Liquid Meat

The best thing about this single is that they give you one of those little yellow things to convert from a big-hole record to a small-hole record right inside. I guess second best is the beer coaster that you get for no apparent reason. Finally is the music that doesn't suck, but is very generic. Guys from San Diego playing a mile a minute that's occasionally reminiscent of all kinds of old New York hardcore. Thanks for the extra yellow thing.
sa

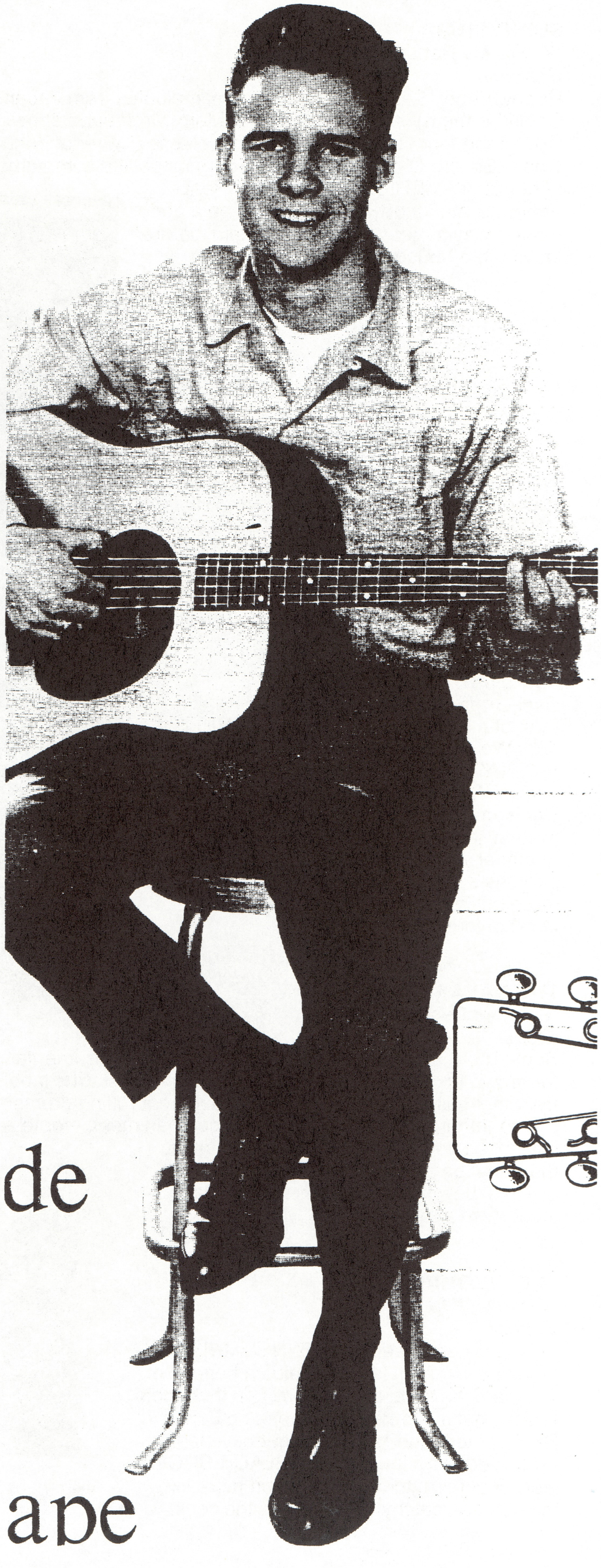
Various
MAN OR ASTROMAN?
HUEVOS RANCHEROS
split 7"
Get Hip
Two eerie instrumentals from MOA? full of that signature reverb/ whammy guitar. 'A Mouthful Of Exhaust' is a rolling, foot-stomping memory of the auto race track. 'Rovers' shows off a little more fast picking and change-ups. HUEVOS RANCHEROS offer a more even, moody side with more of the same reverb/whammy guitar sounds.
sa

Various
KARL HENDRICKS TRIO
MOTHRA
"Hooked on Habit" 7"
Egg Yolk
A perfect record for my mood today. Sitting here hungover and stoned on a rainy day off, these two cuts couldn't sound any finer. KARL HENDRICKS TRIO are nothing short of amazing on this big-sounding four track recording of 'Catch The Wind'. MOTHRA present an old, warm 70's glam sounding 'I Love My Shirt' that couldn't have come from any where but Art DiFuria's old mixing console at The Frizz. Lot's of pedals, wah, distorted vocal, ranting and grooving going on here.
sa

Various
"Threadwaxing Space Live"
Zero Hour
A very good collection of music by such notable anti-stars as SATURNINE 60, SHORTY, & GUIDED BY VOICES. GOV'NER definitely steals the album with the nutty 'I Will Get You'. SLIM MOON offers a great spoken word bit about Montana. Five of the songs were recorded on a multi-track, the other eight (ten if you count the two unlisted bits) are live through the board.
sa

VICK LOGIC
"Paper Towel ep, Pt, 2" cassette
not one red ¢
This 4-song sequel to the predecessor of VICK's "Verse-Chorus-Verse" single last year continues with much of the same. New approaches to melodies and song structures using the same tools. It's always a joy to hear Marc Beck croon, and Mike and Jeff ain't the shabbiest of lo-fi acousti-lounge accompaniment either (Mike even makes a singing debut on this one). Four songs and a reverse of the artwork from the original "Paper Towel" ep cassette so they look cool when you put them together.
sa

ZEZOZOSE
"Murder ep" 7"
Record Time
This 3-song 7" from Rochester, NY sucked some big ass. They thank the devil in their credits, but personally I don't think the devil would have anything to do with this demonic joke. These guys should think about coming up with some good music before paying to release their own uncreative, thoughtless record.
ju



stain

MERCHANDISE PAGE

BACK ISSUES

Issue #1
1993 - **Sold Out!**
The issue that started it all. If you missed this one, you've missed this one. A very limited printing of 200 with hand silk-screened covers are gone forever. Johnny Sokko, Tsunami, Comix and more.

Issue #2
Spring 1993
Quite a few left of our second effort. Bright yellow, green and red cover. Inside features on Space Giants and Monster Magnet. Frank Bell fills us in on romance in the 90's and Chris Repholz trashes the Grammys. We also bid farewell to Andre the Giant and Texas Tornado.

Issue #3
Summer 1993
A beauty - glossy cover this time. Inside read about Ultraman, Lungfish, ZuZu's Petals, The art of Luc Esterson and more wrestling, comix, opinion and hatred than ever before. Going real fast.

Issue #4
Fall 1993
We bid goodbye to our Jap-robot theme this time as we feature the art of the great Al Frank on the cover of this 32 pager. Interviews with Alice Donut and Richard Hell. Live reviews and photos on Royal Trux and Monster Magnet, and Mr. Bell defends his favorite pastime.

Issue #5
Winter 93-94
Three-color Brodzik cover with a free flexi-disc of music by Temple of Bon Matin and Genghis Khan Experience. Features on Chris Thompson, God & Texas, Genitorturers, Therapy? and Greg Weber.

Issue #6
Summer 1994
This time Mitchel Landsman did the cover art. We spoke to Killdozer, Derelict Hotel, Rodan, Elliott Levin and Charles Burns. The Toybox colum featured Aurora monster model kits, and Frank Bell blasts lawyers.You'll want it for the Bonus Brodzik Pin-Up alone!

Issue #7
Fall/Winter 1994
Mr. Mike Diana did the cover this time - three garish colors! Debbie chatted with Caterpillar, Steve sat in on a press conference with John Waters, we reviewed Manson's guilt, Frank bums out on shitty literature and Fred Olen Ray offers a fitting tribute to the late B-movie star, Cameron Mitchell.

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RECORDS

BE-006
ZONIC SHOCKUM
Between the 6s b/w Lugy 7"
The fourth single by this Philadelphia quartet. They've been panned by Your Flesh and praised by Time magazine. You draw your own conclusions.

BE-005
GENGHIS KHAN EXPERIENCE
TEMPLE OF BON MATIN
split-flexi single
Free with issue #5 of Stain fanzine. An un-released track from each band on banana-yellow floppy vinyl. Plus, 32 pages of text and graphix. (see column on left.)

BE-004
GENGHIS KHAN EXPERIENCE
Glutton 7"
The 1st ever slab of vinyl from these noise-monsters. Three pounding, screaming, gut-wrenching hunks of disgust - all for you! Every package unique. Hand-stuffed with trading cards, stickers, information, personal photos, or anything else they could find. (Pot-luck folks.) On cheerful red vinyl. Don't be stupid.

BE-003
ZONIC SHOCKUM
No, You Suck b/w Lollipop & Bullet 7"
3 songs from ZS. "No, You Suck" is stop-and-go stuff w/ lotsa changes - just the way you like it! "Lollipop" is Debbie at her loud and lung-ee best. Also, a cover of the Misfits' "Bullet" - so fast, George would cry. On burgundy vinyl. "I got so mad I wung the fucker across the room, scaring the hell out of my otherwise sedate cat" *-YOUR FLESH*

BE-002
BLADDER CONTROL
Electrocarnivorous 7"ep
A one-man electro-industrial horror show. This gruesome release features a fast, driving cover of Black Sabbath's "Warning" + 3 others. Add samples from "The Love Boat", public access TV and someone's toilet + drum machines, tape loops & creepy distorted vocals, and this one can't be missed. Limited to 700,

BE-001
ZONIC SHOCKUM
Whores b/w Tape Worm & Woe Is Me 7"
Only about 35 copies left of this first single by the Zonics. Whores is fast, sonic rock, Woe Is Me is the only release featuring Mitch Landsman on vocals and Tape Worm is a Bass versus guitar experiment in solumn restraint. Sounds cool, huh?

All records are $3ppd. in the US, $4.50 elsewhere.

STAIN
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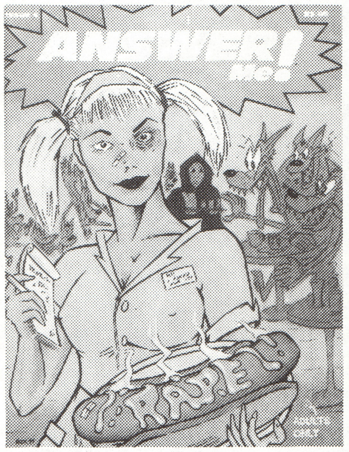
Philadelphia, PA 19147, USA

Make checks/M.O.s payable to:
Stephen Anderson
Send well-concealed cash at your own risk.

ZINES

ANSWER ME! #1
Grab one if you see one. This baby flies off zine racks. This time editors Jim and Debbie Goad focus their journalistic assault weapon on everyone's favorite subject–RAPE. 130 pages of eyeball-poppin, testicle-shrinkin, sphincter-shrivellin, violent rape. An amazing essay on Jim's sick mommy and a "travel diary" on Johnny "The Punk"s ass-rape tour of the prison system will horrify and delight. The Goads have recently released a book chronicling the first three issues of this dagger in the heart of society. This issue featured a full-color Kozic rape portrait on the cover and a terrific Mike C. Diana-illustrated rape board game inside.
Goad To Hell Enterprises, P.O. Box 31009,
Portland, Oregon 97231
$4 (with age statement)



CARBON 14 #2
Sophomore issue of Larry and Leslie's new zine comes with 54 pages of text and an attractive orange and bluish cover thingy. Inside read about Diamanda, John Paul, Ginsberg and Wayne Kramer. Also included is a good profile on Bryan Dilworth and Long Gone John and an interview of SPACE STREAKINGS' Captain Insect done by Duane Denison and vice versa.
P.O. Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125 • $2.50

CARBON 14 #3
Again with the CARBON 14! The dynamic duo are sharpening their skills this time. A Philadelphia artist that everyone should know about, Judith Schaechter, who works in glorious stained/painted glass, is featured (as a sidenote: Judith has just formed a new band named KEN, that is fronted by VICK LOGIC's Marc Beck. They're terrific!) There's a part two to Issue #2's Allen Ginsberg article, more fiction by Paul Bearer, a feature on THE RESIDENTS, interviews with Sonic Boom and Mike Watt, a profile on NuthingSacred editor, Jay Sosnicki, and lots and lots and lots of other fun stuff.
See above for contact info.

EXPLOITATION RETROSPECT 42
ZINE EDITOR
VIDEO GAME CARTRIDGE
The World of Classic Video Games
Also...
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE X-FILES!
ELASTICA
ZINE REVIEWS
WINGS HAUSER EATS THE CAST OF 90210 FOR BREAKFAST

D page
D page is a reader-run chumpy that Laris is doing in between regular issues of D fanzine. If you'd like to contribute, simply send 50 copies of your own two-sided sheet of babble/graphix to Laris and he'll mail them all around the planet for you. There are regular rants and reviews done by Laris and accomplice S.S. Superstar (which are usually on the the blue-on-white sheets) keep me laughing my head off. The next full-blown mag. threatens an interview with RAKE, and features on Twins'es, Adam's whereabouts and the disappearance of Gilbertism {?}.
1304 Colton Ln., Gaithersburg, MD 20878
send some stamps

EXPLOITATION RETROSPECT #41
Danté's E.R. is back again with it's second full-size format zine (complete with readers letters about how they're coping with the format change after 40 issues). The E.R. crew is sort of reassessing its focus as the culture changes around us. But don't run away yet, Dan Taylor remains the lord of junk and drunks. Don't believe me, just scan this issue's newly added column THE HUNGOVER GOURMET and find out "Where To Go and What To Eat the Morning After the Night Before" (basically an ode to the White Castle "slider"). Don't know what I'd do without my periodic E.R. Eight years strong.
P.O. Box 1155, Haddonfield, NJ 08033-0708
$2ppd., $10ppd. for a six-issue sub.

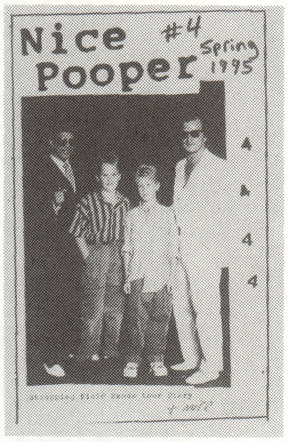
EXPLOITATION RETROSPECT #42
What, are you kidding me? Three regular on-time bimonthlies in a row? Dan, you're scaring me. I barely had time to digest the shining E.R. 41 and now more, wow. 42 is dedicated to the world of classic video games, ugh, an Atari 2600 worship issue. The kids at D should be interested in this. There's even an interview with a 2600 designer, an awesome review section of classic cartridges, a piece on the rise and fall of The X-Files, and a fitting send off to Bob Stinson. It looks like ol' Danté's taking this shit serious folks.
See above for contact info.

GET OFF MY WAGON #2
56 pages with a full-color cover dedicated to anyone who has ever yearned to get from point A to point B without stinking up the air around them. Photo essays on bikes, scripted essays, interviews with frame builders, couriers and revolutionaries, bike comix, nostalgia and bike humor. This zine hit me at a vulnerable time since I have never been a bigger advocate of riding and never been more disgusted with air quality (go figure living in Philly). Anyway, it is very well done, graphically appealing, informative and comes with a four-band comp. featuring the mighty TED BUNDY'S VOLKSWAGEN, plus a bag of kool stickers.
$4ppd. P.O. Box 16041, Oakland, CA 94610-6041

INSIGHT #3
John Livingstone's monster, INSIGHT continues to grow out of control. As always, an insult on the bottom of every single one of the 112 pages. Interviews with PUBLIC ENEMY, L7, HELMET, BOREDOMS & SONIC YOUTH. A hilarious mail section and top notch graphix to boot.
P.O. Box 51592, Kalamazoo, MI 49005-1592 • $4.00ppd.

MULTIBALL #5
A tiny little 32-page xeroxed road journal on pinball. Sure to please the most die-hard fanatic. Reviews on games vintage and new. Reviews on arcades and records, poetry about pinball and an interview with the folks from BUTTERGLORY on their Pac Man and Planet of the Apes collections. A must-have for any beer-guzzlin' flipper-poppin unemployed 28 year-old.
2525 Arapahoe Ave., Suite E4-170, Boulder, CO 80302 • no toll

NICE POOPER #4
Man, I love NICE POOPER! Sooner or later I'm going to meet this guy (if we haven't unknowingly met already). This latest installment features a great STRAPPING FIELDHANDS tour diary written by FIELDHAND drummer/ex-school mate Jeff Werner. (Imagine waking up every day in the South and having breakfast with the GRIFTERS.) Funny filly-rock gossip column as well, plus reviews on all my faves: VICK, ISIS, TEMPLE, BLUE, DRECK MERCHANTS, etc.
745 S. Cleveland St., Philadelphia, PA 19146
$1

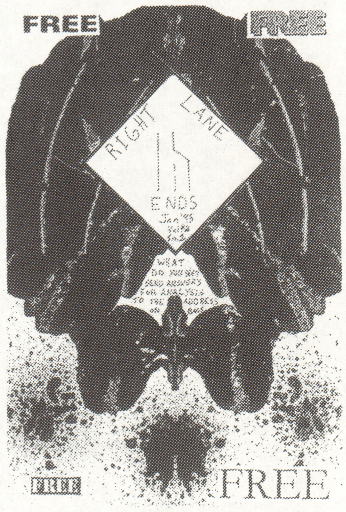


NO LONGER A FANZINE #6
Listen to me. There is no way in hell that you can possibly get more independent, completely hardcore opinion on life and counterculture for a hundred pennies than by purchasing a copy of Joseph Gervasi's NLAFz. Joseph occasionally comes under fire for being hypocritical and contradictory. Well, when there's this much passionate opinion, everyone's going to find something to bicker about. Fact remains, Joseph tells it how he feels and, in my opinion, has to answer to no one. He's DIY all the way and continually questions the norm. This issue has way too much info for me to go into in any detail, but if what I describe is what you need, save the money from one pack of smokes and send for his last two issues. Or just shove the smokes up his opinionated, straight-edge ass.
142 Frankford Ave., Blackwood, NJ 08012 • $1

NO LONGER A
FANzine
ISSUE #6
ONE DOLLAR
FEATURING:

PORKCHOPS AND APPLESAUCE #4
Lindsay's half-sizer is looking sharp as Issue 4 graduates to a handsomely printed cover which again features the yummy artwork of Mitch O'Connell. There's some light shed on the real history of KISS in an interview done with the one-and-only Gene Simmons, a romantic look back on the career of Adam Ant, and an interview with Lux Interior and Poison Ivy. 24 pages and there's the artwork from a JACKSON 5 cereal box record on the back cover.
1616 Vista Del Mar Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028

RIGHT LANE ENDS Vol. #2, Issue 1
This free zine can be picked up at your local record store, at least in the Tri-state area. Although I am not familiar with the previous issues, this issue is dedicated to the lonely, misunderstood, confused and angry poets that fill all 18 pages of this pint-size, Xerox publication. When I read this zine, it brought back many of the questions (now answered) and confusion (still active) I was faced with at a young and tender age. I guess T-Rex (editor/poet) describes it best : "Let everyone read the letters which flow from my confused soul." Hey T., these are the best years of your life, with the exception of the decline of your prime. Happy 18th Birthday!
52 Cedar Mill Lane,
C.M.C.H., NJ 08210
Free (send 2 stamps)



TOPSY TURVY TWISTER RAMA #3
This new issue is predominately reviews. There is an interview/fluff piece on MYTH & MANEATER, a tour diary on Lucy "The Margate Elephant" and a rock star find-a-word. The record reviews are very good and the pictures/graphix/text is fun to look at. 74 pgs xeroxed.
Amy, P.O. Box 642,
Northfield, NJ 08225 • $1.50

YOUR FLESH #30
I was reading the second 10-year anniversary issue of Your Flesh. Wow, 10 years! This mag's come a long way, breaking some of the best musicians and artists. But ya know, it seems some of the reviews are almost too predictable. I could pretty much run down the list and know who's gonna shine or not. You don't see any bad reviews for the more trendy bands, and forget it if you're a no-name. But whatever, 10 years and still awesome!
Back Issues: $5, $12 for a 4 issue subscription,
$7 & $12 overseas (it's worth it!)
P.O. Box 583264, Minneapolis, MN 55458-3264

10 YEAR
30
YOUR FLESH

Labels/Contact info

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Clinton, MT 59825

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Bryan Willette
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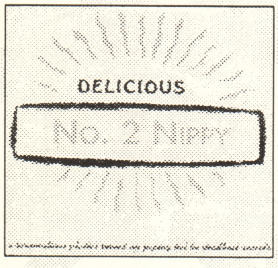

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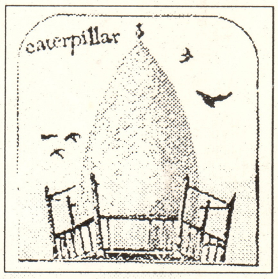

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